

The TATLER

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London
September 1, 1937



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The TATTLER

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ROBERT TAYLOR AND BARBARA STANWYCK

The two most discussed film stars of the moment, who are in that fine picture, *His Affair*, now running in London, and which the lady has strenuously denied is "her affair" with the reincarnation of Valentino, the man about whom all the ladies in America have gone so completely mad that one of them has kissed her own hand after it had shaken his. Robert Taylor has arrived in England to make the new film, *A Yankee at Oxford*. The above pictures were taken on Barbara Stanwyck's birthday. The birthday cake, as may be observed, has only one candle



LADY GEORGE CAMPBELL ON HER NATIVE HEATH

The Duke of Argyll's aunt by marriage talking to Lord and Lady Breadalbane at the Ardinglass Sheep Dog Trials held at Cairndow, Argyllshire. Lady George Campbell, a forceful and entertaining personality, is the widow of a younger brother of the 8th Duke

Russell

BEING much opposed, like Stevenson's Extravagant, to "the bestial practice of solitary feeding," I was glad to find congenial company in Baden-Baden, where the race week ended on Sunday after a *Weisses Bal* given by charming Frau Haniel von Rauch, the resort's handsome "queen," who radiates that gala feeling on behalf of a Higher Power. Frau Haniel's invitations are much sought after, and those on whom she calls make haste to return the compliment; but, alack, in these informal times many English travellers do not carry the polite pasteboard, so there is an unseemly rush to the printer who will fix you up in black and white for a consideration in *Rms.* I would have liked a crown and some quarterings thrown in, for, in South Germany, coronets still count and hearts still beat kindly. Indeed, it is a trifle

archaic in atmosphere, and were you and I old enough to remember Before the War, conversation would wax sentimental with references to Homburg and King Edward and the eccentric Earl of Something whose cure consisted of port baths; and the Professional Beauties, and the Polaire waists, and the importance of being a Soul. As it is, the aroma of an almost forgotten era is a little sad: so few of the great German families can now afford the race week, so much water has flowed beneath the little flower-covered bridges of Baden-Baden. Luckily, the American *clientèle* is large, lusty, confident, and contented. American curers may have too much weight or too little blood pressure, but they do not suffer from nerves or nostalgia. To-day to them is to-day and not the morning after a very wonderful party which can never happen again because half the guests are dead and the others changed by force of circumstances—force being the operative word.

The Margraf and Margräfin of Baden, who "camped" in four rooms at their *Schloss* for the week, were to be seen dining in company with her father, Prince Andrew of Greece; her mother was formerly Princess Alice of Battenberg. "Willie" and Redmond McGrath (very much in the German racing set on these occasions) made conversation to the lovely daughters of Graf von Welczeck, the German Ambassador in Paris. Contrary to rumour, German ladies do use a little make-up, and when a German lady is lovely and a lady she has very great distinction. The young Prinzessinnen zu Solms-Braunfels and



Laing

AT CORTACHY

Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy with the Hon. Lady Fox, Lord and Lady Eltisley's daughter, who opened the Cortachy Flower Show and inevitably thought of Ruth Draper! Cortachy Castle is the home of Captain Ogilvy's brother, Lord Airlie, whose grouse shooting has been rented by Sir Gifford Fox this season

And the World said—



Dorothy Wilding

THELMA REISS AND HER MONTAGNANA

This brilliant young 'cellist, who was solo artist at a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert last month, has appeared with all the principal English orchestras, and has also been billed in every other European country. In 1936 Thelma Reiss made a protracted tour of Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia and Finland. Her famous Montagnana 'cello was a recent present

their mother are examples of charm, and the possessor of a graceful figure is Baronin Böcklin von Böcklinsau, whose husband's racing attire is absolutely Newmarket. So is his manner. Included among many other notables in that group are Fürstin von Fürstenberg, Comtesse de Maigret, the Chilean Ambassador in London, with Madame Edwards, Baron Thyssen Prinz Rudolph von Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Graf von Schaesberg, and others. The absence of young men is remarkable, as this is the German Ascot, and they might be expected to have a day or two off from business or military exercise for such a good reason. The ex-Kaiser's grandson, Prinz Alexander

von Preussen, was the only handsome scion in sight.

* * *
Interest centres, as usual, on Dengler's sanatorium, where Americans included the William O'Donnell Ise-lins and his good-looking cousin, Gräfin Ferdinand Colloredo-Mannsfeld, also Mrs. Harold Baring, the elder Sweenys, Grace, Lady Newborough, and Arthur Bradley Campbell, whose green Tyrolean hat went to the races, as did Lady Kimberley's Cheltenham fur coat, climatic being bad. The Stephanie bar before lunch is the place to see who is where, and with whom. There I found that level-eyed policeman, Colonel Lemon, the Chief Constable for Nottinghamshire, also the High Commissioner for Australia, Mr. Bruce, with his wife, and Mr. Norval Graham with his. Clever Miss Daphne Bankes, bookish Miss



SIR SPENCER MARYON-WILSON'S SHOOTING PARTY

A group taken just before lunch at Foregin in Inverness-shire, where Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson and his guests are having as good sport as could be expected from the fair to rather moderate conditions. The host is in the centre of the front row, with Lord and Lady Gough on his right, and on his left Lady Kildare and Lord Inchiquin. Included behind are Lord Scarsdale, Lord Kildare and Lord Glanusk



Howard Barrett

MRS. KEMMIS AND GRANIA

The wife and daughter of Commander Kemmis, over whose moor at Tressady, in Sutherland, some highly successful Field Trials were recently held. The shooting pony came in handy for Grania, though she really prefers something more spirited

Ciceley Hulkes and Mrs. Nutcombe-Hume are among the youngest. Mrs. Hume is the mother of a débutante, but life begins at forty in any thermal town. Bright boys touring are Tony Montgomery and Bob Lebus, while "children" include the Tod sisters, greatly daring in flannel trousers, also the young Englands, a brother and sister, who collected most of the golf pots, having swept the board at St. Jean-de-Luz last year. Sir Norman Watson is also under age. Elder brother of that amusing Peter, he is either exploring Greenland's icy mountains or partnering the debts. Baden-Baden seems to have caught him between whiles. Major Paget brought his yellow boater and Mrs. Michaelis left her débutante daughter, Jean, in England, recuperating from a successful season. As Dr. Dengler does not allow the least little bit of licence it is surprising how many of his patients tell you that champagne cocktails at the Stephanie have been beautifully mixed.

* * *
The roads to Salzburg are dusty with devotees. At Kitzbühel there is almost as much life at



Howard Barrett

ALSO ON TRESSADY MOOR

Brig.-General George Paynter, from nearby Suisgill, congratulating Keeper Fraser on the fine work of Mrs. Kemmis's pointer, Isle of Arran Baker, in the Field Trials. Miss Jeanetta Paynter is seen standing next to her father, and behind Fraser is Captain W. Halswell, who was staying at Tressady Lodge

the Grand, or the Golden Adler, as in January. Sacha Guitry was there. The pretty Borthwick sisters "trae Auld Reekie," and the enigmatic Baba Redhead, two of whose sisters married Ropners and another Esmond Harmsworth, were bathing in the Schwarzsee or dancing in the village, which acts as a stepping-stone to the Festival. Salzburg, 1937, seemed at a first glance much the same as '36 and preceding summers, but closer contact showed subtle changes dating from the twentieth of July, when a nice-looking old lady ordered a room "not far from the elevator." In the guest-book she registered as "Mrs. Roosevelt, Washington, D.C. Age 80." The President's mother had arrived to discover Austria and, in her wake, came half the North American continent, or so it feels to the inhabitants, who are reaping a golden harvest. Salzburg is now an American colony with Ritz prices, even if the accommodation is not on that standard. Mrs. Roosevelt was followed by her grandson, Franklin D., Junior, and his lovely Du Pont bride. Unfortunately not all visitors are as attractive as the Roosevelts, consequently many of the "best people" withdrew to neighbouring chalets, from whence they swoop down at times when the American invasion is known to be safely tucked inside the Festspielhaus listening to Toscanini and his Philharmonic Orchestra. This grand old man has developed tyrannical ways. He is Italianising the opera and the Italian production of Verdi's *Falstaff* was followed by an Italian *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di*

(Continued overleaf)

And the World said—*continued*

Figaro and *Il Flauto Magico*. True, these operas were composed in Italian by Mozart, but natives argue that, after all, Salzburg is a Germanic centre and, as an Austrian critic wrote the other day, "We shall soon have to go to Glyndebourne if we want to hear opera in German." The two sensations Reinhardt had up his sleeve were Werner Krauss as "Mephisto" in Goethe's *Faust*, and Herbert Berghof, his own pupil, who played "Death" in the old *Everyman* play, which takes place outside the Cathedral.

Dr. von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Premier, does not take a favourable view of American autograph-hunters. However, he gave a party at the Archbishop's old residential palace for all the celebrities in Salzburg (some of whom were definitely minor), and crowds waited patiently for hours to see Herr Miklas, the President, and his wife, Herr Guido von Schmidt, and others of the quality drive up in pouring rain. Eight hundred cars "put down," which gives some idea of the party's size and of the Festival's importance in the minds of many. Mrs. Winston Churchill, Graf Pálffy-Daun ab Erdöd and his new wife, Raimund von Hofmannstahl, husband of Alice Astor and son of the famous Austrian poet, Noel Coward (before his visit to Glasgow), and Bruno Walter with Toscanini were seen. Toscanini is never parted from his old black felt, not even for meals. The Prinzessin von und zu Liechtenstein introduced Chaliapine's lovely daughter, Maria, to Baron Georg Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister in London.

Salzburg is not sure it approves of Americans for breaking with the tradition that one must dress for dinner and music. Men arrived at the opera in leather shorts and brogues, their "honeys" in picturesque *dirndl* costumes, made in the U.S.A. Some even wore beach pyjamas, and stockings have gone with the wind. Copying Hollywood, the "honeys" only curl the ends of their long bobs and put tiny pink or white bows as topknots to stress the doll-like vacancy of their features. They are great flirts but, apparently, have little success with the Salzburg lads, one of whom told me the other day, "American girls are all right, they will buy my grandfather's clay pipe, believing it was Mozart's, and they pay your drinks if you take them dancing. But give me an English lady; they are real good sports and will go with you for a long day's hiking, and drink beer from steins at wayside inns, and yet make you keep your distance, and they leave you with a big heart-break when they go. But, of course," he added, "I haven't seen an English lady for years and years." *Vox populi*.

You might reasonably think that the Riviera rush had subsided by now, but not at all. Monte Carlo is packed with young marrieds—the Kenneth Waggs, the Johnnie Muskens (as always a foursome), the Stafford Howard-Stepneys and the Philip Astleys. Madeleine Carroll and her adoring husband arrived in a minute boat from Paris, by river and canal. This is her first holiday for several years, and she is making the most of it, sailing and sunning.

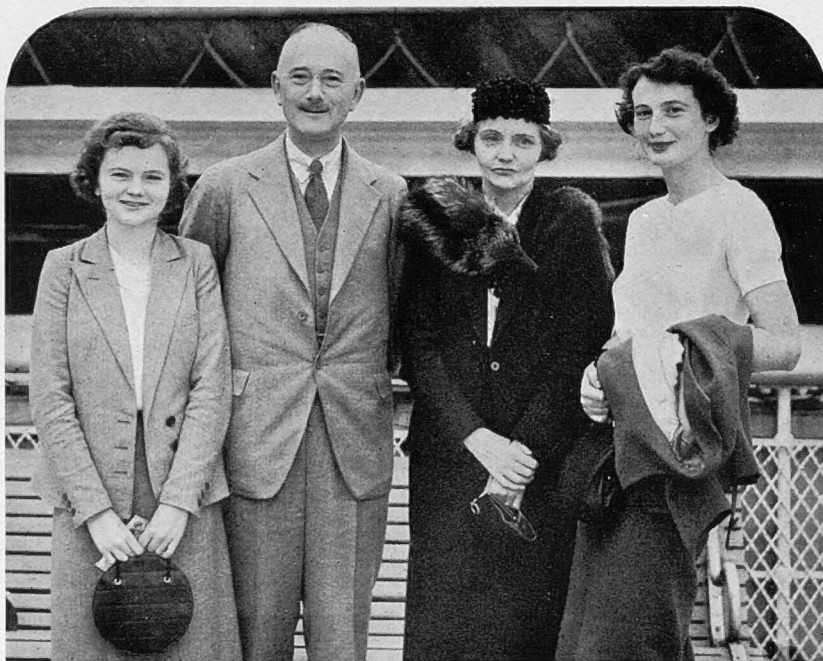
At Cannes things are even busier since the arrival of Lady Peel and her son. He is having a great success with the Roc maidens, who think his tall good looks "simply divine, darling." Sir Robert takes refuge with Lord Bruce Dundas, another Harrovian. Mother "Bee" is thrilled about her first film since silent days—a Hollywood job opposite Bing Crosby. Fanny Ward never flags, nor does her sense of humour, although both sense and humour usually quit on the coast. Lady Zetland swam with a masterly crawl. Diana Churchill and her husband, Duncan Sandys, remained lily white. So did Diana Mills (now at Bembridge before her tour of the Highland Games), but not without applications of glycerine and rose water. Also were there Mrs. Jimmie Ashton and her sister, Jean Anderson, the Jean Poniatowskis, five-foot-nothing American sculptress Helen Haas, Gisela von Krieger, the world's whitest blonde, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, with a hat of orchids.

In Scotland there is no foolin', just shootin' and porridge-eating in the vertical position. Some of the best-known diplomatists, retired or "en fonction," are enjoying its austerity. Foreigners can never understand why our best

ambassadors should be forced to retire at sixty. It seems to them a hideous waste that Sir George Clerk, called by Paris "the perfect ambassador," should be sailing a small boat in the Mediterranean with boyish enthusiasm when still in such fine fettle for the cares and charms of diplomacy. They wonder, too, if history would have been written differently had Sir Horace Rumbold remained in Berlin, Sir Ronald Graham in Rome, and Sir Francis Lindley in Tokyo. As a people we are not given to asking the reason why, but blindly swallow Red Tape, or maybe there might have been an outcry about this wastage of brain power. If an elder statesman is hardly in his stride at sixty why should an ambassador be superannuated just when he has the art of saying "no" nicely to perfection? Sir Ronald and Sir Francis are with Lord Ancaster at Drummond Castle, and Sir Miles Lampson, with his diminutive wife,

has settled down at Killearn, on the family place near Buchlyvie. The youthful octogenarian patron saint of the F.O., Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, is at Alloa House.

Now for some U.S. news. The most amusing party of the Newport season was given by the William H. Vanderbilts at their house, Oakland Farm. The highlight of the evening was a "Florodora Sextette," with the sextetters dressed in replicas of the original costume. Those who warbled "Oh! tell me pretty maiden" included Mrs. Guy Fairfax Cary, Lord Fermoy's sister, and Mrs. Beverly Bogert, both well known to London. September is a big month for American polo. The biggest noise in that world is the arrival at Meadowbrook of the Argentine teams for the National Open Tournament. The "Jan José" Buenos Aires side is made up of famous players—Luis Duggan (a relative of Lady Curzon of Kedleston), Andrada and Gazzoli, who were in the team which defeated the U.S.A. last year. The fourth is a newcomer, Herberto Duggan, a five-goal player aged twenty. Andrada, grand old man of the team, is close on fifty and has been playing for over thirty years.



SIR HUGHE AND LADY KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN AND THEIR DAUGHTERS

At the time of going to press great anxiety is felt on all hands for Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British Ambassador to China, who was seriously wounded in an attack by Japanese aeroplanes on his car when he was motoring from Nanking to Shanghai. For this attack the Japanese Government has expressed the most profound regret, stating that it was the result of an unfortunate error. The above group was taken last year just before Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen left to take up his appointment in Peking. He is a kinsman of Lord Brabourne and Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen is a daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Gilmour. The two daughters in the picture are Miss Alethea and Miss Elizabeth Hugessen



H.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA

Hay Wrightson

A delightful head study of a gracious and broad-minded Royal Lady. The elder daughter of H.R.H. the late Princess Christian and granddaughter of H.M. Queen Victoria has great benevolence and many-sided interests. Like Lord Lonsdale, Princess Helena Victoria is a good friend to Costers, and she has danced with enthusiasm at a Coster party. Her charitable undertakings are legion, and H.H. is also a keen golfer and enjoys watching competitive tennis. This is one of the first studio portraits to be taken of Princess Helena Victoria for many years

THE CINEMA

For Us Alone
By JAMES AGATE

I AM getting more and more to resemble Wagner's patron, the King of Bavaria. This monarch was, as all the world knows, half feeble-minded and half a musical enthusiast. He built an opera house for Wagner and sat in solitary splendour to listen to operas performed for him alone. In other words, there was not another soul in the house. And now I suppose readers are expecting me to demonstrate in what respect I resemble this famous King of Bavaria. I will tell them.

When I was in America recently I was enchanted by a musical comedy entitled *Babes In Arms*, the music for which was composed by Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart, and is in a vein half-way between Debussy and the modern American idiom. In fact, you might call it torch-singing written in the Debussy scale. I brought over some of the records but was distressed to find that one of the number, and very nearly the best, had not been recorded. On my return I wrote to the composers deploring this fact, and the ensuing gap in my recollections of what I seriously consider to be the most enchanting musical comedy score ever written. That was a few weeks ago. This morning I received from America a record of the missing song, entitled "Imagine," and made specially for me. It is not on sale in either country, and I am the only possessor of a little air of no importance and great charm, which I shall be able to play to myself whenever I want. Think of all the implications of this unique act of American courtesy. I know that Rogers and Hart, when they received my letter, were in Hollywood. Imagine them taking the next aeroplane back to New York, making the necessary arrangements, and holding up the entire business of some recording studio until Mr. James Agate's light whim had been satisfied. I am deeply touched, and I am old enough to realise that it is the little things of life which deeply touch one. I am also immensely proud. And that is why I say that I regard myself as in some sort a counterpart of the King of Bavaria.

This afternoon I felt still more like the famous monarch, for I went to the Tivoli to see Miss Grace Moore's new film, entitled *For You Alone*. And, lo and behold! the vast stall floor was almost entirely empty, so that I had the notion that the film was being performed, or wound off, or whatever the phrase is, for me alone. Here I regret to record a difference. Ludwig had nothing performed for his sole attention except world masterpieces, and yet I don't know that it is not even more gratifying when the piece chosen for one's unique edification is a masterpiece of bland and lambent imbecility.

The part enacted by Miss Grace Moore is that of Louise Fuller, an Australian opera star who was informed by the United States Government that she had over-stayed the time limit allowed by her passport, and must leave the country. But Louise had set her heart on singing at a Song Festival got up by a kind of sugar uncle who had been good to Louise ever since she was a baby. In Mexico—perhaps it is to the kangaroo that these Australian artists owe their faculty for hopping from one place to another—it was proposed to Louise that she should go through the form of marriage with an American which would permit her to return to the States, after which the American would, of course, divorce her, and the cheque for the transaction would be paid over. The American held to be eligible for this job was one Jimmy Hudson, an artist who had for years worshipped Louise's

voice through the medium of her gramophone records. And so they were married and prepared to spend a honeymoon in the woods, where Louise burst into song for the edification of vultures, owls, magpies, rabbits, antelopes, tree-bears and other fauna. One trembled as to how the evening would terminate, but fortunately it came on to rain. It rained in bucketsful, and so that one could almost see the studio buckets. But in the vicinity was a log cabin in which Jimmy maintained the Dad and Aunt who had looked after him since he was a boy. The newly-weds—for the ceremony had taken place that morning—repaired there, dried their things, had some supper and were duly abashed when the old people said that the spare room, complete with double bed, was at their disposal. But bedtime was not yet. Instead, Louise sang "In the Gloaming" to Jimmy, which naturally suggested the idea that they should start a walking tour in the White Mountains. "Why not now?" said Jimmy; "now" being about midnight. Just as they were starting a posse of New York journalists rushed in and Louise suddenly remembered that she had promised to sing at her sugar uncle's Festival. Whereupon Jimmy said that that settled it. They must get a divorce.

The next scene was the Festival, which appeared to be like Glyndebourne, only on an even more colossal scale; more dress shirts were assembled at it than I should have thought America possessed. Louise's first item was Schubert's "Serenade," in which the diva appeared swathed, mummy-wise, from head to foot in silver lamé, with her back to a column erected on the top of scenery which looked like the pin-tables in a saloon bar. So far so good. In the interval Jimmy appeared with a foolscap envelope containing the divorce. This so annoyed Louise that she threw lots of temperaments and announced her inability to go on the stage. Sugar uncle was about to start conducting the second part when the call-boy came to tell him that Miss Fuller was ill. This report, whispered from stall to stall, grew in momentum, until finally it reached the back of the

auditorium, where Jimmy, ensconced in the branches of a large tree, was appraised by another musical enthusiast hanging to a bough that a steel girder had fallen on Miss Fuller and reduced her to pulp. (I can only account for Jimmy being up a tree by the obvious resemblance of this Festival to Glyndebourne.) So Jimmy—and here is the place to say that the part is played by Mr. Cary Grant—got down from his tree and rushed round to the back of the stage to tell Louise that he had always adored her. Whereupon Louise recovered and, donning a costume which Marie Tempest would wear for a Renaissance comedy by Arnold Bax, went on to the stage and sang as though her lungs would burst. A cynic might say that had they burst they would have been in good company with her heart, which had been bursting all evening. Whereupon the Tivoli curtains came reverently together, and I took my leave of the inept spectacle.

Miss Moore plays this nonsense with that combination of tragedy and archness which has made her the idol of the British public. There cannot be a housemaid in Belgravia who doesn't envy Louise the toss of the head with which she spurns the young gentleman who wants to walk her out. Mr. Grant is as usual.

J. A.



GRETA GARBO AND CHARLES BOYER IN "MARIE WALEWSKA"

It was, we understand, in contemplation to change the name of this new M.G.M. picture to *Conquest*, but we are now told that this is not to be done. The film is not yet finished. It is an entirely fictitious story of 1812, and there is said to be a spectacular scene of the great retreat from Moscow

DEVON AND EXETER 'CHASES



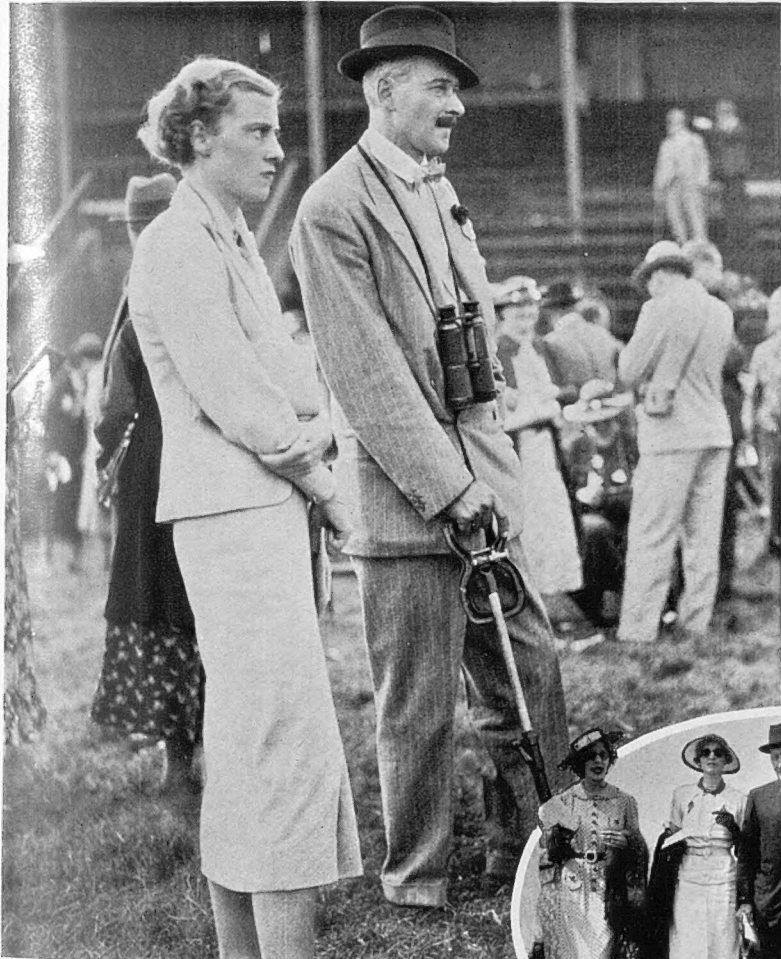
LORD MILDMAI OF FLETE, THE HON. HELEN MILDMAI, AND MISS SMITH



LORD SIDMOUTH AND MRS. GUY SHORROCK IN DEEP CONVERSE



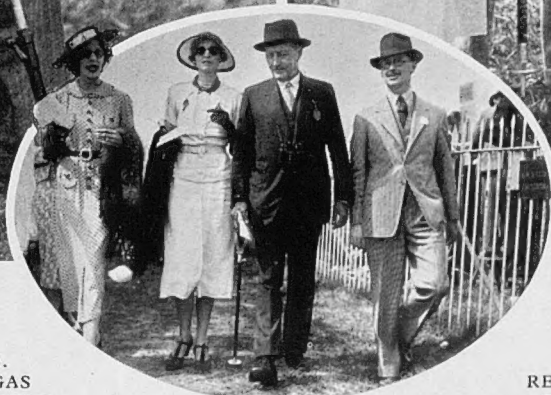
LORD BAYFORD AND THE HON. MRS. PETERS



MISS CELIA MUNTZEN AND SIR MARK GRANT-STURGIS



LADY SIDMOUTH, MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE, AND MR. GUY SHORROCK



MRS. J. E. H. BALFOUR
MRS. AMAGAS CHICHESTER,
AND MR. AMAGAS CHICHESTER

SIR REGINALD BARNES

AND MR. AMAGAS CHICHESTER

As will no doubt be noticed celebrities abounded. Lord Mildmay of Flete, surely the unluckiest owner ever to miss winning the Grand National, had a rein when winning the 1936 National. Adventure in another form, the sea, was represented by Mr. Guy Shorrock, late of Calcutta, and given to navigating the ocean in small boats; the stage by our beloved Cyril Maude and obliquely by Sir Reggie Barnes, brother of Violet and Irene Vanbrugh

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

WHAT a country for horses and horse lovers that Ireland is. Horses are everywhere and one can spend every hour of every day in the week looking at yearlings, mares, foals, stallions, hunters and stores. One hunter-chaser dealer I went to see knew that he had, anyway, eighty horses of sorts, while another knew he had over a hundred but had no idea how many. "See now," said he, pointing to a cobbled yard in the last stages of disrepair, "that's a terrible yard, in fact it's the b—yard in the world, but it's worth a lot to me. If a horse can trot right over that I know his action is all right. G'wan now," he shouted to his son, an urchin armed with one spur and an ashplant on a stary-eyed animal as green as a cabbage. With a shout and a draw of the ashplant he was off at a gallop over cobbles like the bed of a stream and away off North with him over a narrow stone-faced bank. He might do it, but I couldn't and I escaped without buying. What a pity it is that the Government, in its desire to establish uneconomic factories and teach its children an unknown language, is letting the grass in this grand country go to ruin.

On my travels, practically speaking, the only light literature to be bought on the book-stalls was a work entitled "The Worst Journey in the World." Those who have travelled to the West Coast of Ireland and back via Fishguard and Rosslare have no need to buy this volume. It will only make them envious. The only laughable thing about

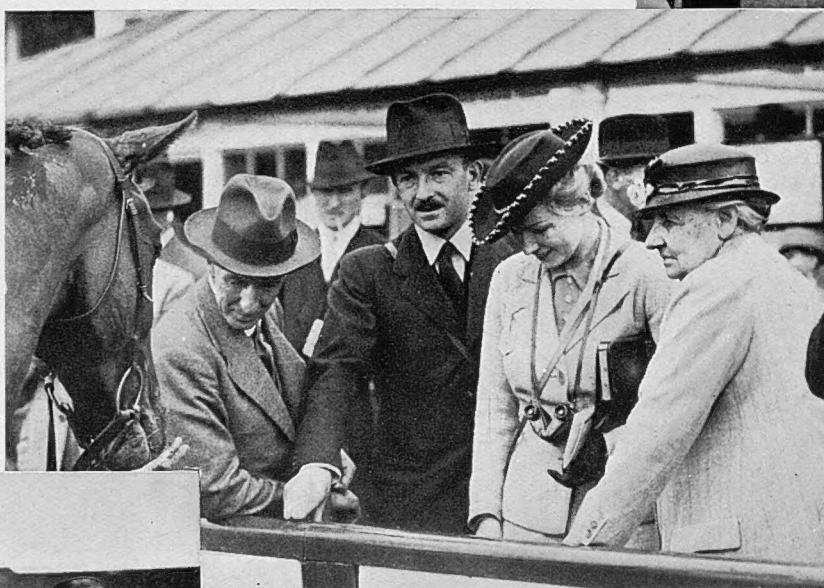
except perhaps lobsters? The humour of the thing is not so apparent an hour before dawn.

While away, Perifox made his appearance at Hurst Park and I am sorry to say bore out what I wrote about him after Goodwood. I am afraid he is no Leger



AT DEAUVILLE: MR GORDON SELFRIDGE AND MME. MARCEL ROGEE

Two celebrities, each in their separate orbits, on Grand Prix day at Deauville. There is, at any rate, no need to say who one of them is, but the other is an ornament of the French stage and films



AT HURST PARK

Mr. F. S. Butters, Lord and Lady Monck and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh watching Lord Monck's Bacardi being unsaddled after running third in the Chiswick Plate. Lord Monck, like many of his family before him, was in the Coldstream—Monck's Foot



MR. TEDDIE LAMBTON AND MISS DIANA CLARKE AT YORK

Pricket, owned by the son of the famous Newmarket trainer, the Hon. George Lambton, won the Melrose Selling Sweepstakes on the opening day of the York meeting, but the price, 5 to 4, was not exactly nourishing. Miss Clarke is the daughter of Major Charles Clarke and Lady Eileen Chappell, who is an aunt of Lord Ranfurly

a journey in which they just forgot to put on the dining car was the formality of two thousand people having solemnly to go through the English Customs at 3.30 a.m. Now, what on earth or in the waters beneath could a n y o n e smuggle out of Ireland that he could not buy twice as good for half the price in England,

genuine animal. Cold Scent, I understand, is working well, but hard going will certainly be against him and Fair Copy is rather an exploded theory. If one must have a bet then one must back Midday Sun, but I feel the race is best left alone.

Any meeting at York is good and pleasant even if it is a tricky place to back winners. This meeting was held in lovely if rather hot weather and motoring up from London it occurred to me what a h—l of a ride Dick Turpin must have had on Black Bess. Her miles per bushel, however, must have worked out a good deal better than my borrowed car, which, charged with no fewer than 22 gallons of petrol in London, ran bone dry five miles short of Doncaster. As the car came to rest a gentleman in a yellow car pulled up alongside, drove me to the nearest garage for petrol and back again, leaving me with the parting injunction to have but one bet, Khan Bahadur. I hereby thank him for his kindness and his tip, which won at a short price. This horse, an own brother to Mahmoud, just couldn't be more unlike his Shelly barb-like brother, and I wrote of him last October that I liked him best of all the Aga Khan's yearlings. He won not too impressively, but it was only his second time out and he may have felt the going. The Yorkshire Oaks produced a field of the plainest fillies ever collected together. Watching them in the parading ring it was possible to see the top of the rails underneath two of them, a phenomenon I have hardly ever noticed before.

AT YORK RACES

House-parties meet
on the Knavesmire



ENID COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD
AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN LOWTHER



LADY IRENE HAIG WITH
LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS



MRS. WALTER BURNS (LEFT) AND
THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE



THE HON. MARGARET LANE-FOX
AND HER MOTHER, LADY BINGLEY



LORD DERBY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: LADY
MAUREEN STANLEY, AND MAJOR SYKES



THE COUNTESS OF DURHAM WITH
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

York's August meeting opened in perfect weather with the usual atmosphere of festive friendliness which always makes this gathering such outstanding fun. Guests brought from Beningborough Hall by Enid Lady Chesterfield included the Hon. Mrs. Lowther. Lady Patricia Douglas, seen with Lord Haig's sister, was staying at Sledmere, and Lady Durham and her husband were with Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Stobart at Middlethorpe Hall. Presumably the Durhams backed Mr. Teddie Lambton's short-priced "Pricket," who put up a gallant performance to win, for the fourth successive year, the Melrose Selling Stakes, named after that great Yorkshireman, the late Mr. James Melrose. The Duke of Northumberland had two horses going on Yorkshire Oaks Day. The Hon. Margaret Lane-Fox, youngest daughter of a famous sporting house, will be bridesmaid to her sister, the Hon. Dorothy Lane-Fox, when she marries Mr. Kenneth Parkinson on October 2nd



MRS. STANLEY WRENCH AND HER DAUGHTER, MARGARET

This is a case in which talent is clearly indicated as running in families, for Miss Margaret Wrench, daughter of the distinguished novelist, is the Newdigate winner of 1937. Mrs. Stanley Wrench's latest success is "No Fixed Abode," a tale of the Cotswolds. The authoress is a countrywoman by birth and a prominent member of the Folklore Society

body in it, is rarely quite so important as all that! Yes, I know that life is damnably serious, because almost every day has its problem and only the bovine of temperament reach middle-age without the tell-tale deep furrows. But the solution of these problems doesn't matter one way or the other at the end of a hundred years or less. So let us jeer at life whenever we can—it's usually a one-sided joke with a "snag" hidden in its laughter. And that is how Mr. d'Egville has treated his autobiography. The result teaches you nothing, but has been a complete entertainment from beginning to end. It is the autobiography of a rolling-stone which dances, so to speak, from one mossy bank to another without ever getting imprisoned in the moss.

Which is, of course, the complete Book of Wisdom for rolling-stones who deliberately, and not willy-nilly, as most of us do, gaily roll. He was born at Surbiton—mossy, if ever a town were. His grandfather was "The Great d'Egville," who taught society how to dance, how to deport itself and how to bow to royalty when royalty expected bows. His father carried on the great tradition. Perhaps he might even have carried it a step farther on himself, except for the fact that when he grew up dancing had become a melancholy "slouch," deportment a "flop" and bowing to royalty a mere "bob." Anything approaching a "tradition" of elegance died in the war. No one could possibly call "gigolos" and lounge-lizards "artists." The "d'Egville bow" is now, alas! pure "museum." A pity. It belonged to a spacious world, and nowadays there is no space—we are all, so to speak, bumping and being bumped in a concentrated mass. So, finishing his education, the author was sent by his parents to Paris, via Mr. Instone and the Daimler Company, to learn motoring and the French language. Apparently he learnt the language and had a jolly time as well. Afterwards he went to Germany to learn German and, incidentally, appeared as a "turn" in a Berlin music-hall. Then he returned to England and helped his father to arrange many of the dances for Drury Lane "spectacles," sometimes dancing himself. Afterwards the war broke out and he was sent out as an interpreter. The war over, he took a temporary job as "guide" on a trip abroad, organised by Lunn's for forty fundamentalists. Then came an interlude in London and the rehearsing of a big revue, which never actually materialised. Then to

A Full-Spiced Life.

IF variety really be the spice of life, then Alan d'Egville's autobiography, "Adventures in Safety" (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.), is like metaphorical "hot" chutney! Personally and moreover, I found it so entertaining to read an autobiography in which the writer doesn't take either life or himself in deadly seriousness. As if, indeed, it were three-parts a drawing-aside to "tell you all about myself," and one part a world-"message."

Life, nor any- body in it, is rarely quite so important as all that! Yes, I know that life is damnably serious, because almost every day has its problem and only the bovine of temperament reach middle-age without the tell-tale deep furrows. But the solution of these problems doesn't matter one way or the other at the end of a hundred years or less. So let us jeer at life whenever we can—it's usually a one-sided joke with a "snag" hidden in its laughter. And that is how Mr. d'Egville has treated his autobiography. The result teaches you nothing, but has been a complete entertainment from beginning to end. It is the autobiography of a rolling-stone which dances, so to speak, from one mossy bank to another without ever getting imprisoned in the moss.

Hollywood for a space. Then to Canada, where he became secretary to a fashionable sporting club. Then to the East. Then home again.

So to the last page and, for you, to bed—since you won't easily be able to go otherwise until you have come to the end of this most readable and jolly book. For, though the mere outline of the author's varied back-grounds may not seem startlingly unusual, it is the fun and excitement which go with each change-of-scene which make the volume such a joy to read. He is so busy telling you the things he has done that he has no time to tell you what he is. Except that he is a well-known black-and-white humorous artist—which you know, and a first-class ski-er, which may be news to you. He treats everything humorously, always gaily—even a brief moment in New York when it looked as if he might possibly have to sing for his next meal. The humour and the gaiety are infectious—which is so rarely the case with a book, whatever they may be over a drink. And if you yearn after the "meat" of a more seriously universal appeal, there are some excellent personal anecdotes of the Belgian Royal Family, and at least one of our own—when, with his father, he taught King George V. and Queen Mary, together with their children and others who were to appear in the Royal Quadrille at a Court Ball, how to come through that ordeal of the dance "on the night" without disaster. Versatility may not often get a man to the supreme heights, but undoubtedly it makes for the jolliest "approaches." A man like the amusing author of this most amusing autobiography, who can speak several

languages, can dance like a professional, is an artist and a sportsman, and eager to turn his hand to any entertaining job which happens to come his way, cannot possibly lead a dull existence. And "Adventures in Safety" is never a line within nodding acquaintance of dullness. In fact, a livelier book of light reminiscences you won't find in any library or bookshop at the moment.

Howlers and Bloomers.

AND if you are amused by Alan d'Egville's autobiography, you will also be amused by John Audrey's collection of "Bloomers" (Michael Joseph; 1s.), because it looks at life in much the same gay way. Bloomers are, I presume, the adult "howlers." In this little book there is a very choice collection. What about this, for example,

(Contd. on page 384)



MR. HENRY LONGHURST

Mr. Henry Longhurst, *The Tatler* Golf Correspondent, who is one of the most outstanding of the younger writers upon golf, is the author of the book "Golf," in the Modern Sports Series, which is edited by Mr. Howard Marshall. This book is addressed to "the Average Golfer" and covers the game in all its phases. It is rarely that the gifts of performance and exposition go together, but they do so in this case. The book is very well

written and full of good advice

AT THE GOLFER'S PARADISE: NORTH BERWICK



ALL LINED UP FOR THE START: (L. TO R.) SIR JOHN SIMON, LADY SIMON, MR. STANLEY BONNALIE, MR. RONNIE BONNALIE, MISS EILEEN TWEEDIE, SIR JAMES WATERLOW



SUNNY SMILES: MISS JERVIS-WHITE-JERVIS AND MRS. GUY BOOTHBY. A SNAPSHOT TAKEN DURING A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES



LT.-GEN. SIR CHARLES GRANT, G.O.C., SCOTTISH COMMAND, AND CAPTAIN W. L. STEELE



THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. HELY-HUTCHINSON



THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, MR. FRANCIS TENNANT AND MRS. H. J. TENNANT

Photos.: Balmain

They keep the best of sun and sea air on tap at North Berwick, and no one yet has ventured to say that the links are not amongst the finest in the world. None of the people who are seen on this page seem to be registering dissatisfaction. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer is seen trying to forget figures, and Lady Simon and all the others seem equally full of the holiday spirit. Sir James Waterlow succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his famous father in 1934. Miss Jervis-White-Jervis, who is with Major Graham-Stirling's daughter, Mrs. Guy Boothby, is an invader from Suffolk. General Sir Charles Grant, G.O.C., Scottish Command, formerly had the London District, and, like his A.D.C., Captain W. L. Steele, is a Coldstream Guard. He had the 3rd Battalion, 1919-21. The Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson, who is seen at a moment of a traffic block, is Lord Donoughmore's younger son, and the Duchess of Rutland is seen facing up to the course with her father and Mrs. H. J. Tennant, who is the widow of the former Secretary for Scotland

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

taken from an American catalogue describing Magdalen: "The Bell Tower is the finest of its kind in Oxford and possibly anywhere. It is even finer than its facsimile at Chicago University." Or this from a parish magazine: "Meantime, we hope that all who can will bring a pound of something (tea, sugar, jam, sweets, etc.) and drop it on Mrs.—at Evensong any Sunday." Or these two items from an Irish newspaper: "They fired two shots at him; the first shot killed him but the second was not fatal." "He was run down by a passenger train and killed. He was injured in a similar way a year ago." This extract from a novel also amused me: (The heroine): "I lay stretched in a gondola on the Grand Canal drinking it all in. Life never seemed so full before. . . ." And this from a schoolboy's examination paper: "What is the difference between a King and a President? The King is the son of his father and the President isn't." Again: "Now Henry had an abcess on his knee, which made walking difficult." And: "Drake was playing bowels when the Armada was sighted and he said he couldn't go because his bowels were more important."

Briefly, here is a little book of first-rate Howlers and Bloomers, which will amuse you very much while reading them and be an excellent "jog to memory" when, wishing to repeat some of them, you either get them all wrong or can't for the life of you remember any. That trying "ten minutes before dinner," when you sit all dressed up with nothing to eat, should hold no boredom with such an amusing little booklet as "Bloomers" in the house. It might even cause you to be the life-and-soul of the party—that is, if it be that kind of a party for which you are all-dressed-up.

Seaside Residences.

When I picked up Ella Carter's book, "Seaside Houses and Bungalows" (*Country Life*; 6s.), an awful picture of what very nearly immediately surrounds me jumped into my mental vision. I saw bungalows of neither beauty nor of any architectural achievement, "shacks" springing from old bathing-machines, Swiss "châlets" from railway carriages; the whole placed higgledy-piggledy on what was once a charming bit of downland and sea-coast, joined by roads, invariably an "avenue," which in this case means a track of loose stones in summer and a morass of mud in winter. A straggling area of hideousness of which, maybe, what remains unspoilt will be surprisingly "saved" by the county council or private enterprise—some day, usually just ten years too late. After reading Miss Carter's interesting and valuable book, however, I have begun to hope that at least what little is left of the English coastline which isn't cheap and vulgar and untidy may at last be preserved from being a national disgrace. Most of her book consists of plans and constructional details for more than fifty one-storey dwellings, the photographs of which show these bungalows to look at least architecturally decent and in some cases quite charming.

She herself contributes an altogether excellent introductory essay which faces up bravely to the present situation and proves how at least the present look of utter devastation can be overcome, while providing information concerning cost, proper materials to use in certain districts, and the type of bungalow most suitable for seaside weather and inside amenity. If you are thinking of building a seaside bungalow, this is a book which you must certainly study at your leisure. Her own advice is a house of one large living-room, as many bedrooms as possible and, very

important, a large drying cupboard for wet clothes and bathing-suits.

And especially does she recommend a flat roof—not only for its utility, but because it allows a greater liberty in planning. The suggested houses and bungalows are limited to not more than £1250 in cost and their variety should satisfy every need. None of the designs gives offence and very many are delightful. Moreover, and this is especially useful, she gives a list of architects who have designed them, together with their addresses!

The "Little Man" as Hero.

I suppose the wearisome sameness of the Big Handsome Hero in film and novel has created the necessary reaction. Very few of us are big or handsome or heroic—at least in that kind of heroism which lends itself to metaphorical triumphant musical accompaniment and spot-lights. So we are beginning more and more to like stories of "little men" whom one can consciously love while at the same time feel unconsciously superior to—falsely or accurately, it doesn't really matter. So Miss Margery Lawrence has written a novel, "Overture to Life" (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.), which will make instant appeal to all those who, on the radio, have learnt to love Mr. Penny. Of course, in reality, it is a fairy-story, but not too greatly so. Mr. Radlett, the hero, is henpecked by his wife and over-ridden by his relations. He works in his wife's business—Hobson's Premier Health Stores. But one day he wins some money in a football pool and, in the tradition of Little Men in spiritual revolt, he goes to Paris and, so he hopes, to "life." Paris he easily falls in love with, but also he falls in love with a charming young Parisienne. Conveniently at this point his wife dies, but as in life there is invariably a "snag," even in an earthly paradise, her relatives remain. But after a long-drawn-out battle with them, poor little Mr. Hobson does at last break away from his inferiority-complexed past and start again in the city of his choice.

As I said before, it is all fairy-story—but a very pleasant one. Mr. Radlett is a real "little" man, and so is his friend, Sam Cooper, and so, in a more film-like way, is the girl he loves. So, as a matter of fact, are his dreary relations and his "bossy" wife. Thus the whole makes a very pleasant little tale of a worm turning. At the same time it very nearly fulfilled a sentence which stuck in my memory after reading Anthony Wynne's well-made thriller: "Death of a Golfer" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). The sentence runs: "Whereas in the nineteenth century everybody believed that you couldn't eat your cake and have it, in the twentieth people are beginning to believe that you can't have your cake unless you eat it." Which struck me as being so very near the truth as scarcely to matter.

Salzburg.

And talking of "being very nearly true," Count Ferdinand Czerin's most amusing book, "This Salzburg" (Peter Davies; 6s.), contrives somehow to give a good deal of real information about Salzburg, while at the same time making you laugh at the "debunking" of all the roses and raptures with which the so-called musical pilgrims envelop their musical "altar." It is at once very funny while being in a subtle manner quite instructive. And whether you know Salzburg well, or have never been there, it will give you entertainment. Moreover, the drawings which accompany the letterpress are not only very clever, but very witty.



LADY STAVORDALE AND HER CHILDREN,
TERESA AND GILES

Lady Stavordale, the former Miss Helen Ward, married Lord Ilchester's son and heir in 1931, and the elder of their family seen above, the Hon. Teresa Fox-Strangways, arrived in 1932, and her little brother two years later. Lord Stavordale, who, like all the family, is fond of sport, is in the Blues (Reserve). He was born in 1905 and was at Eton and The House

CROQUET : ENGLAND

VERSUS AUSTRALIA



COLONEL H. DAVIES, AN
IMPORTANT OFFICIAL



SIR FRANCIS COLCHESTER-WEMYSS ALL SET FOR
REFEREEING WHEN ENGLAND PLAYED AUSTRALIA
AT CROQUET AT ROEHAMPTON



LORD DONERAILE ALWAYS
WATCHES CROQUET TESTS



THE ENGLISH TEAM : COLONEL W. B. DU PRE, MISS D. D. STEEL,
MR. C. F. COLMAN AND MR. R. TINGEY



AUSTRALIA'S TEAM : MISS A. B. MORRISON, MR. CYRIL MILLER,
MR. E. M. HUNT AND MR. J. C. WINDSOR

Photographs Stuart

Though perhaps not quite so grim as England's battles with Australia over the Ashes, the croquet Test Matches between the Home Country and her so doughty Dominion are a stern business. The MacRobertson Shield is what they play for. It was won by Australia in their own country two years ago, but this year England annexed it again by winning the first four of five contests. The final Test will be played at Brighton next Saturday and Monday, September 4th and 6th. These pictures were taken at Roehampton, scene of the fourth encounter. Cyril Miller, who skips the Australian side, is champion of Australia, and C. F. Colman is open champion of Great Britain. Colonel H. Davies holds the important post of Secretary to the Croquet Association of Great Britain. Sir Francis Colchester-Wemyss, from Gloucestershire, is referee *par excellence*, and Lord Doneraile's enthusiasm for croquet takes him to every Test

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

THE "strain of championship golf" has claimed yet another victim, this time none other than the illustrious Miss Pamela Barton. Her decisions not to defend her title in the United States, and to publish her book in the face of all the official threats, gave me, in the jargon of the newspaper world, a nice "exclusive." Such "revelations" are great fun, for they provide one with the malicious satisfaction of knowing that they set every other newspaper office telephoning frantically to the person concerned for confirmation. And of course, if the person concerned happens by that time to have gone out to tea, well, that's just too bad!

Miss Barton says she has "played too much and tried too hard"—a succinct and accurate statement of her position. It seems to me, from observation of champions in general, that if one is to reach the very top and stay there, one must be either (a) completely nitwitted, (b) possessed of an unusually cheerful, happy-go-lucky philosophy, or (c) resigned to an ultimate breakdown in health. The best alternative is obviously (b), but I fear that a cheerful, happy-go-lucky philosophy of life is an automatic bar to success in the highest flight. The man who has made the nearest approach is probably Harry Bentley, but despite devoting all his adult attentions to the game, he has yet to win the "Amateur" on either side of the water.

This season may mark the end of Miss Barton's competitive career, or it may prove simply a break in a long succession of triumphs. But in either case, what of it? She has won all that amateur golf has to offer. To play no more of this desperate competitive stuff will be no hardship—as Miss Diana Fishwick would doubtless confirm with enthusiasm.

Miss Barton does, however, deserve our sympathy—or at least in my opinion—for the unprecedented ban upon her book, "A Stroke a Hole." I don't care whether it is instructional or whether it is not: the point is that the writing and publication of it are each in the true and universally accepted spirit of amateur golf. We have always had books from amateur champions, and I hope we always shall. The alternatives are books by players whose skill is so negligible as to remove all suspicion from them, or books written by anonymous journalists and published under the names of

distinguished, but sometimes illiterate, professionals.

Golfing tradition and precedent have given us the benefit and entertainment of the views of the master players since the game began. Horace Hutchinson, Harold Hilton, Roger and Joyce Wethered, Cyril Tolley—dozens of them. Why the Royal and Ancient in their wisdom should have entertained this sudden change of heart regarding the efforts of an ex-lady champion, I cannot for the life of me think.

Newspaper articles on "How I Won," no; but books, why certainly! They are, as I say, in the spirit of



Balmain, North Berwick

AT NORTH BERWICK: THE RT. HON. W. S. AND MRS. MORRISON

All Cabinet Ministers earn their summer holidays, though some of them, owing to the action of divers vagrom men, do not always get uninterrupted ones. The former Financial Secretary to the Treasury and present Minister for Agriculture and his equally well-liked wife are taking their ease in North Berwick. Purely for information, Mr. Morrison is an ex-Field Gunner—wounded, M.C. and three Mentions, so quite like so many more ordinary persons!



Balmain, North Berwick

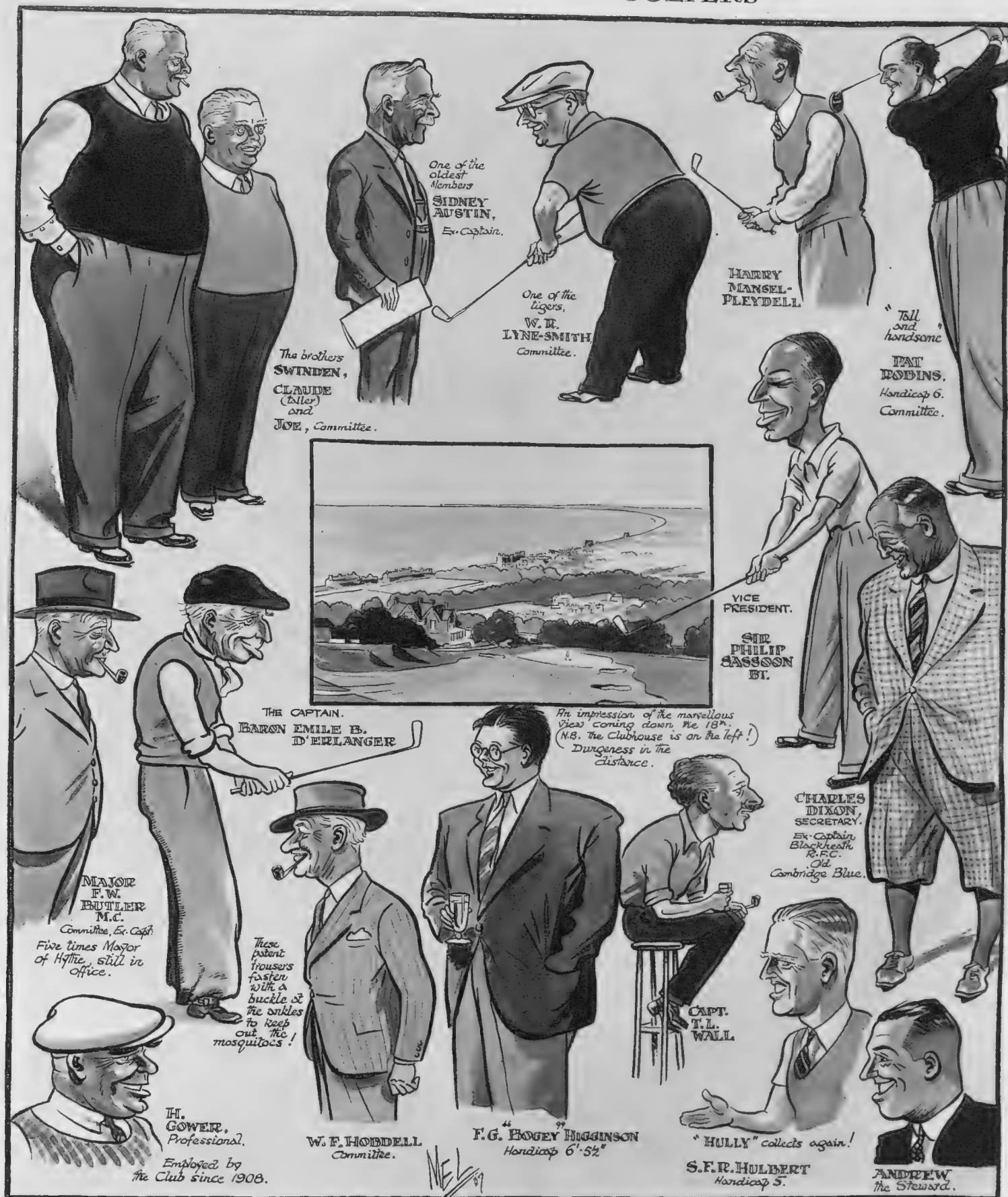
ALSO AT NORTH BERWICK: THE MEMBER FOR WESTBURY AND HIS CHILDREN

Mr. Robert Villiers Grimston has been the sitting Conservative Member for Westbury, Wilts., since 1931, and besides being also a member of the M.C.C., shooting and golf are amongst his relaxations. He was a Gunner through the war, and married a daughter of the late Sir Sigmund Neumann

amateur golf, which is what matters. To quote an opposite example—a man may accept two golf balls from half-a-dozen different firms every day for a week, thus receiving a total of seven dozen, and still be within the law. The balls are ostensibly samples, and indeed are marked as such, but the whole thing is as big a mockery as the lawn-tennis player's vouchers. You don't need two "samples" every day for a week in order to test the merits of a ball of which you have been receiving a surreptitious free supply for five years!

St. Andrews, in my humble opinion, would do well to keep a close watch on developments in the tennis world in the near future. The newspapers are just daring to print broad hints of what everyone has known to be true for years, and a general "clean-up" appears to be due either next year or the year after. We don't want to have to go through that ultimately in golf. If, as I confidently expect, the Royal and Ancient undergoes sweeping changes at its September meeting, the new committee might earn themselves an enviable reputation early in their tenure of office by taking a firm stand with regard to golfing commerce and its relationship with amateur players.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



HYTHE GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

This most excellent course is situated on the Downs between Hythe and Folkestone, three miles from the latter, and is an ideal spot for holiday golf, the kind most people are looking for at the moment. The Club was formed in 1894 as a nine-hole course, and a few years later was converted to an eighteen-hole one of considerable charm. The views are really beautiful and the visitor (or local) can look far away over Hythe to Littlestone and Dungeness. As the course is on high ground this, of course, means that a bit of climbing has to be done, but when the reader glances at some of the "Big" men in the above picture and remembers that they can cope with the altitudes, it will be realised that it cannot be too tiresome to play round. Someone has said: "To speak of Hythe is to think of Charles Dixon!", and that is true, for the Club is fortunate in having one of the finest secretaries in the country

NEXT WEEK: PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT EAST BRIGHTON

BADEN-BADEN IN HOLIDAY MOOD



MR. AND MRS. ROY FOX,
OF BAND FAME



MISS AUDREY DAWSON, FROM THE U.S.A.,
AND MR. ANTHONY FISHER



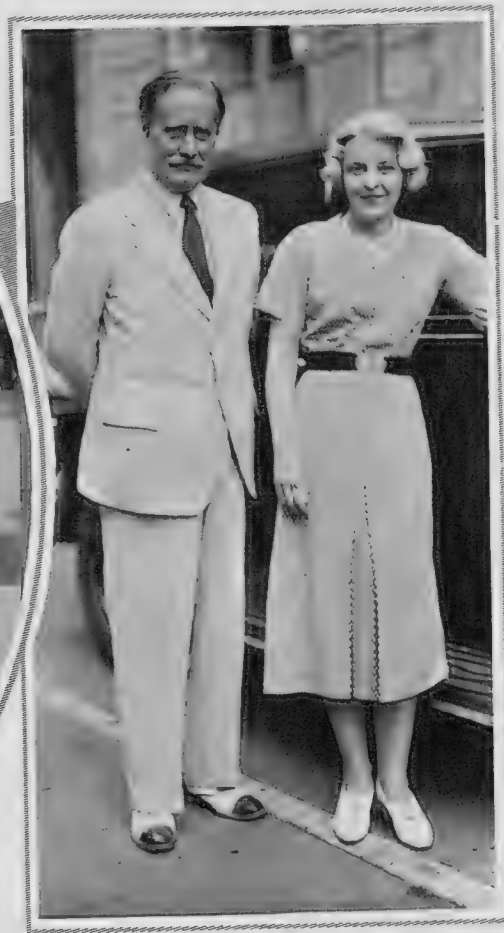
MR. AND MRS. TONY WHEELER
AT VILLA D'ESTE



THE HON. ARTHUR AND
MRS. MURRAY (FAITH CELLI)



MISS ANGELA AND
MISS ELIZABETH TOD



MR. NEWTON AND LADY URSULA
HORNE

Germany's "Newmarket" has many other attractions besides horse-racing—a wonderful climate and scenery such as no other racing centre in the world surely can possess. All the people collected on this page seem to be enjoying themselves in their divers ways and the net is pretty widely cast and embraces, at the top, a famous dance band specialist and his pretty wife, the brother of a former Captain of the Eton XI, Basil Fisher, talking to a charming young woman from New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wheeler, she being a daughter of Lady Bertha Dawkins. Faith Celli married Lord Elibank's only brother in 1931 which was a few years after she had given us that unforgettable performance in Barrie's "Dear Brutus." Miss Angela Tod and her sister are two of the younger units of the present army of occupation at Baden. Lady Ursula Horne, whose husband used to be Government Secretary of the Malay States, is a daughter of the second Lord Dufferin, who died in 1918



WITH HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER



Speaight, New Bond Street

ANN, RICHARD, AND ELIZABETH ABEL SMITH

LADY MAY ABEL SMITH
AND HER THREE CHILDREN

H.M. Queen Mary's niece, the only daughter of H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, has been married to Major Henry Abel Smith since 1931. Her husband, a kinsman through his mother, Mrs. Francis Abel Smith, of the Duke of Somerset, is in the Royal Horse Guards, and they are at present living near Windsor, the regimental headquarters of the Blues. During the hunting season Major and Lady May Abel Smith hunt regularly with the Quorn from Beaumanor, which Mrs. Francis Abel Smith rents from Mr. William Curzon-Herrick. Their three delightful children, Ann, Richard, and Elizabeth, were born in 1932, 1933, and 1936 respectively. Little Elizabeth had her first birthday-party early last month

AT DEAUVILLE'S



MR. AND MRS. DRESSELHUYS
SUP TOGETHER



MR. BENJAMIN GUINNESS
AND CLARE LADY COWLEY

GRANDE SEMAINE



H.H. THE RANI OF PUDUKOTA
AND HER SON



THE MAHARANI OF KUCH BEHAR
AND THE BEGUM AGA KHAN



M. AND MME. JEAN BOROTRA,
BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM



THE COMTESSE DE VIEL-CASTEL
AND THE DUC DE DOUDEAUVILLE



M. PIERRE DREYFUS AND
Mlle. MARCELLE CHANTAL

Deauville's summer carnival 1937 will go down in the history of that gay spot as something very like a record. The Grande Semaine culminated on Sunday, when the Grand Prix de Deauville was run and won by M. J. Stern's Saint Preux; but in addition to the racing there has been polo, yachting, high-class lawn tennis, "Big Bill" Tilden co-operating, and all the other pleasant trimmings. Anent Lawn Tennis we have in this necessarily restricted gallery Jean Borotra and his very attractive bride, and where racing is concerned, the President of the French Jockey Club, the Duc de Doudeauville, and the Begum Aga Khan, spouse of the distinguished sportsman whose name spells all that is best on the Turf. The Rani of Pudukota, who, incidentally, is Australian-born, is also the wife of a famous sportsman. The stage and film are very adequately represented by Marcelle Chantal, most beautiful of French stars, and the lovely Mary Ellis, of "Glamorous Night" fame, seen dining with Tim Brooke, the author who wrote the scenario for this her last big screen success



MISS MARY ELLIS AND
MR. TIM BROOKE



AT MONTE CARLO: MISS "FLORRIE" OWEN AND LORD GRANBY



H.H. THE PRINCE OF BERAR SITTING NEXT TO LADY PETIT AT THE PALM BEACH CASINO AT CANNES



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND SIR G. ARCHER AT MONTE CARLO

THE RIVIERA BY NIGHT



AT CANNES: H.H. THE PRINCESS OF BERAR AND LORD HOWLAND

Riviera nights' entertainment have lately included grand gala occasions at the Monte Carlo Beach Casino and at the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes. The last-named for-gathering had the personal patronage of T.H. the Prince and Princess of Berar. Lady Petit, who sat next to the Prince, is the wife of the former Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, third Baronet. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey arrived at the Monte Carlo gala with Sir Geoffrey Archer, whose career in the Colonial Civil Service was a very distinguished one



MISS PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE AND MR. PAULO BURKLEY

The Duke of Bedford's monocled grandson had the pleasure of being the Princess of Berar's neighbour at dinner at the Cannes Palm Beach Casino Gala. The Princess and her husband, who is heir to his father, the Nizam of Hyderabad, were in London for the Coronation Season, and participated in an almost endless round of entertainments, both official and less formal. Now they are having a more or less restful Riviera holiday



MISS ELSA MAXWELL AND MAJOR ERIC LODER GETTING ON WELL

Miss Elsa Maxwell has been down South for several weeks, and takes every available party in her stride. At the Cannes Palm Beach Casino Gala, Major Eric Loder, Sir Giles Loder's kinsman, aided and abetted her in adding to the general hilarity. Look left for Lady Ursula Manners and Sir James Dunn's son. Their particular Monte Carlo Gala party included Lady Ursula's eldest brother, seen in the top left-hand snapshot with Mr. Richard Owen's ex-deb. daughter



MR. PHILIP DUNN AND LADY URSULA MANNERS



MRS. OLIVER HARVEY AND SIR H. NORMAN

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



LOVE-LIFE OF A MAN ABOUT
PRE-WAR TOWN: MERCIA
SWINBURNE, HARGRAVE
PAWSON, CAROL GOODNER

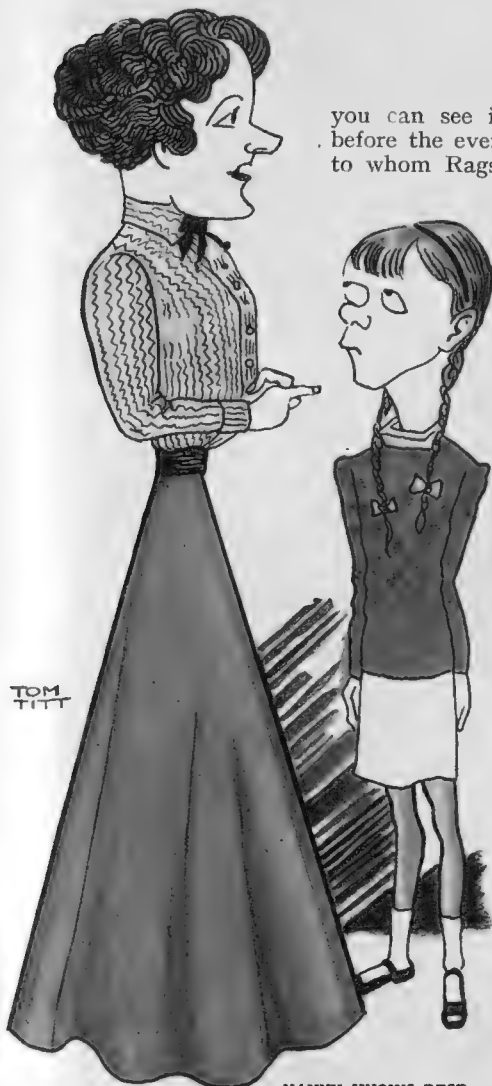


A CHORUS LADY'S PAST,
1911: CAROL GOODNER,
GRIFFITHS JONES

IF the late Gertie Maude had lived longer and risen higher, her entry in "Who's Who in the Theatre" would have started in 1908 with *The Girls of Gottenburg* and continued through *Miss Hook of Holland* and *The Balkan Princess* to whatever musical comedy gave her, in 1911, the chance to speak bits and pieces of inane dialogue. The promotion made her one of Five Girls, who seem to have been the same kind of semi-chorus beauties as the good old *Florodora* Sextette at the turn of the century. Mr. John van Druten, as author of *Gertie Maude*, discloses details which would be discreetly omitted from the printed record: that she was only a green-grocer's daughter, that her first job was in a pierrot troupe, and that during a season on the pier at Westcliff-on-Sea she enjoyed worse than death with a lusty young man who was learning to be a club steward. So far, so good, or so plausible in terms of a fair proportion of chorines of the period. It is as much in keeping with the girl and the time that in 1911 she should have munched chocolates and read Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Maida Vale flat where the Hon. Percival ("Rags") Cartwright had installed her. Being a highly eligible Young Man about Town with a peerage in his family, Rags was not expected to marry the girl. That, also, is persuasive enough; even though each member of the original *Florodora* Sextette married money more than sufficient to have fulfilled poor Gertie's ambition for success plus a country house with a lily-pond and goldfish. (Note: one's wish to believe in Gertie Maude is proof that at any rate she has an allure.)

On the other hand, Gertie rose from the chorus by stepping into the shoes of a girl who killed her lovely self when her own dashing keeper "married into his own class"; and towards the end of the play, Gertie does likewise when Rags engages himself elsewhere. If the only two similar people in sight do the same thing for the same reason, it infers that such people are very liable to do such. Either that, or else it is a whacking coincidence. At no period have chorus-girls been more prone than milliners, blue-stockings or wealthy widows to commit suicide in the cause of lost love. So it must be coincidence. Well, coincidence happens; a stray one might seem trivial enough in a play with the quality of this by Mr. van Druten. But it also happens, in order to cross Gertie's line of fate with Will, the young man with whom she functioned at the seaside, that her aunt is cook in the London house where his fiancée is children's nurse. Again, why not? It also happens—

Les Girls in 1911



NANNY KNOWS BEST:
JILL ESMOND, ANNABEL MAULE

touch so sure, so quietly persuasive, that his audience find themselves thinking: "People are like that." In this new play at the St. Martin's he has carried the method further in careful under-writing that avoids "drama" like the devil and is as unforced as a photograph taken, without posing, by a popular camera. The producer's lack of emphasis is as deliberate: these people live, breathe, talk and are presumed to act as instinct prompts and feeling demands; and that, without frills, is held to be enough. So it would be, if the sum total of those four coincidences were not at odds with the natural behaviour of the characters. They fight against belief in Gertie Maude's death, if not her life. *Gertie Maude's* chance of success depends partly on whether the human touches overcome several unlikely situations, and partly on its appeal in harking back to dear, dead days.

In the Servants' Hall, the human touches are always firm and revealing. The nurse-fiancée, excellently done by Miss Jill Esmond, is as neat and taut as her own eighteen-inch waist. Hurt by the behaviour of her bad lad, her pride and clamped jealousy are exactly right for a respectably cosseted young woman of 1911. So, also, with the puritanical parlourmaid—Miss Joan Swinstead combines with her author to emit sullen cracklings from the hell-fire of frustrates—and with Miss Florence Wood's cook, oozing abundance of flesh and good nature. One only of the characters is unduly sentimental—the greengrocer who

you can see its shadow half an Act before the event—that the young lady to whom Rags gets engaged lives upstairs in the same house, having met him by accident during an off-stage cruise. This brings a good opportunity for pathos when the news is broken to Gertie by a child's prattle in the Servants' Hall. But by now the coincidences loom larger and larger. And it also happens that a few minutes after Gertie has swallowed her overdose of sleeping powder, the club steward makes forcible entry into her flat, hoping for the worst. Whereby, after shock has frozen his passion, he is conveniently present to carry out her last wish—to do away with the Letters which at the inquest would have tarnished the name of her Hon. Rags.

It is Mr. van Druten's special talent to sketch the details of his men and (especially) women with a

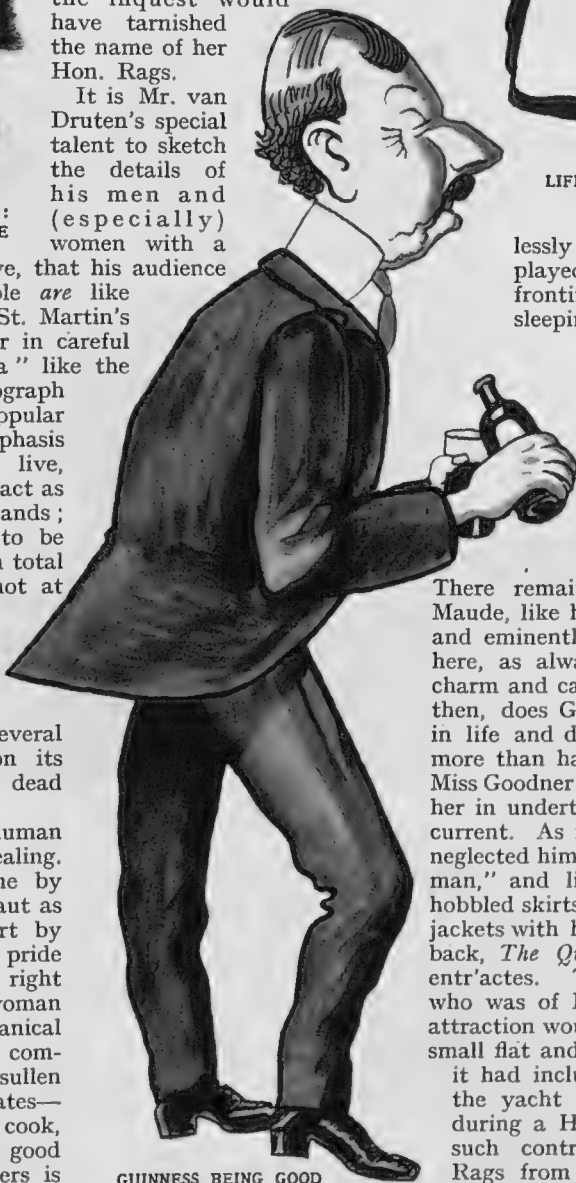
is Gertie Maude's father. Mr. Sebastian Smith gets away with the part by recognising that treacle is less good for him than Guinness; but no actor could get away with the blindness of such a father who, finding that his presumably poor but honest daughter lives in a tasty flat that must cost more than her salary, fails to infer the wages of sin, and merely asks to have a peep at the bedroom before he uncorks the stout. Will, the bad lad, who wants to take his physical fun wherever he can find it (and greatly admires *The Garden of Allah*), is flawless in invention and as flaw-



LIFE BELOW STAIRS: FLORENCE
WOOD, JOAN SWINSTEAD

lessly played by Mr. Griffith Jones. He was played so well that I didn't bother when, confronting Gertie in the throes of her fatal sleeping draught, he omitted even to think of dosing her with mustard or another emetic. This, to my mind, was the outstanding performance, despite the rapture that has greeted little Miss Annabel Maule as the stage-struck child. Annabel does very well by the parental audience, and rings true to a form of nursery life; but they make her play always on the one note, and a long one at that.

There remain the Gertie and the Rags. Gertie Maude, like her tale, is nice and simple and poignant and eminentlyactable. And Miss Carol Goodner is here, as always, a highly efficient actress who has charm and can get inside the skin of her rôles. Why, then, does Gertie become but a dim little fragrance in life and death, drawing from willing eyelids no more than half a tear? Largely, I think, because Miss Goodner has elected (or is directed) always to act her in undertones, with a short-circuit in the magnetic current. As for Rags, Mr. van Druten seems to have neglected him. He is a silhouette of a pre-war "clubman," and little more than a period-item like the hobbled skirts and long-coated tailor-mades, the male jackets with high lapels in front and low slits at the back, *The Quaker Girl* and *The Arcadians* in the entr'actes. These notes in time-music stirred me, who was of Lower Sixth age at their time. Their attraction would be stronger if the scene went beyond a small flat and a room below-stairs: if, for instance, it had included Gertie in the theatre and Rags on the yacht when he plighted his legitimate troth during a High Life cruise. Come to think of it, such contrast and variety might have turned Rags from a figurine into a man, and caused a whole tear to be shed for the passing of Gertie.



GUINNESS BEING GOOD
FOR SEBASTIAN SMITH



ENTRANCING ANNABELLA

Registering sadness as the prison governor's wife in "La Citadelle du Silence." This is the only French picture Annabella has made in the land of her birth this year, having been on loan to England. Her latest English star turn is in "Under the Red Robe"

TRÈS CHER.—Having run up to town for twenty-four hours to pass the time o' day with some American friends who were passing through, I hit the city asphalt at its most melting moment. After the fresh nights and cool dawns of my Island, Paris seemed quite unbearably oven-like. The wood-paved streets positively sweated tar, and the macadam—grease-smeared by motor traffic—smelled under the summer sky like a badly-kept garage. Therefore I used the Exposition as a refuge, lunching with my friends aboard the "Normandie," and taking coffee afterwards on the terrace overlooking the bronze-green waters of the Seine. This, to my way of feeling, is the pleasantest of the many pleasant (especially if the other chap pays!) restaurants *en vogue* at the Exhibition. It is a restful oasis, and is to be discovered on the third floor of the Pavilion of the Marine Marchande, where one finds the food and the service that is always to be connected with the "Transat" line. Paris, at this moment of the year, is invaded by foreign visitors and provincials, but at the "Normandie" seemed to have foregathered all the pals one wanted to see, either going from south to north or east to west, or t'other way round. I barged into Jeanne Aubert and Alice Delysia. Present, Past and Future. They are both just back from the States. Jeanne went over for a quick visit after her big success at the Nouveautés this spring and summer, in order to collect some new songs for her next *tour de chant*; but Alice Delysia has been there for the last year: she has been playing in New York, but on the Stock Exchange instead of on the stage—more 's the pity! Jeanne was in Paris to get some clothes before going off to a quiet hide-hole in the Pyrenees for a fortnight's rest, previous to taking up her parts in the revue at the Nouveautés. At another table was Maurice Sachs, who shares honours with Pierre Fresnay in the clever adaptation

Priscilla in Paris

of *French Without Tears* that is being played at the Théâtre Saint Georges. He is one of the brightest of our bright young lads, speaking English even as you and I, and being something of a big noise in the worlds of Letters and journalism. (The use of a capital letter for the one and a small 'un for t'other shows my attitooode towards both brands of pen-propelling).

At the "Normandie," also, I came across Albert Flament, who was leaving for Biot that same even, in order to be present at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs which Léon Bailby and his A.D.C.s organise every year for the good of so many charities in aid of the babes and sucklings. I wish this affair still happened in Paris and in February, as it useterdo, instead of in August at Cannes; not being Riviera inclined in the summer, I wonder if I shall ever attend this gay and lovely function again. I hae ma doots! And ma doots make me sorrowful! My meeting with Albert Flament reminds me that I forgot to tell you to read his enchanting biography, "La Malibran," which was published a few weeks ago. He tells the story of the short, but well-filled and triumphant, career of that lovely young singer with love and understanding; she must have possessed great and attractive personality. What a film the history of her life would make, and how perfect Claudette Colbert would be in the part! And this again reminds me that Louis Verneuil has just finished writing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the scenario of a film-story of Sarah Bernhardt's life, and that he is going to Hollywood in December to keep a wary eye on the

production. Verneuil is very much the man for this job, since he was Sarah Bernhardt's grandson-in-law. He was married to Lysianne Bernhardt, Maurice Bernhardt's youngest daughter, whose name one sometimes sees in shiny-paper magazines, where she writes the fashion notes nowadays, for after Sarah Bernhardt's death the young people came to the parting of the ways. Verneuil has recently remarried, and this time his wife is the daughter of the late well-known dramatist, Georges Feydeau.

During the last years of her life, Sarah Bernhardt acted in several plays that Verneuil wrote "to order" for the great actress, giving her parts that required very little physical action, since she was unable to walk unsupported after the amputation of her leg in 1917. It will be a little painful for those of us who knew, loved and admired the "Divine One" to see her magic personality expressed by the heroine of a Hollywood production, but it seems that Greta Garbo may play the part, and that, perhaps, will temper the wind to our shorn sensibility . . . though I rather think that I would prefer Katharine Hepburn. It was rumoured at one time that Cécile Sorel was to be the screen Bernhardt, but this report turned out to be without foundation.

Before I left Paris to drive back to the Island on an all night, non-stop run, I went to the Mogador to see Mistinguett. The Mogador Theatre was built by Sir Alfred Butt soon after the war, and it opened with an Anglo-French revue starring Regine Fleury. It was a large and airy theatre . . . but it was "no bong," for people simply wouldn't go there. Later a French management added pen-like boxes, where there was no room for them, and doubled the number of stalls, making the place uncomfortable and crowded. Now, of course, it is packed nightly! Such is life and the Front Populaire.

PRISCILLA.



ON THE LIDO

The Duchess de Villars watching little Countess Betty Fürstenburg being given a good view of Venetian Lido activities by Mr. Robert Goelet, junior, who is the Duchess de Villars's son by her first marriage

"SARATOGA"—JEAN HARLOW'S LAST FILM



THE LATE JEAN HARLOW AS THE
"OWNER" IN THE AMERICAN RACING
FILM, "SARATOGA"

Jean Harlow's pluck and loyalty to the M.-G.-M. Films in insisting upon going on with her work in "Saratoga" when she was very far from being physically fit enough will be ever remembered. In the end she died, greatly to the sorrow of everyone, and the film had to be completed with Mary Dees in the concluding scenes. The story concerns the American Turf, and of how Clark Gable, a bookmaker, acquires possession of the racing stable owned by the lovely heroine's grandfather and which has had to be sold to pay his debts. The climax, of course, is a race upon which the fate of all the main characters depends, and equally, of course, the heroine marries the bookmaker, who is really quite a nice person—almost in spite of his being a bookmaker, a person who is often most unfairly depicted as a villain of the deepest dye



JEAN HARLOW IN ANOTHER
SCENE IN "SARATOGA"



CLARK GABLE (THE BOOKMAKER) AND JEAN HARLOW

PHOENIX PARK



WINNING SMILES!—MRS. KEN HOMAN,
MISS DIANA BOYD-ROCHFORD AND
MISS PAMELA MOORHOUSE



SUMMER RACES

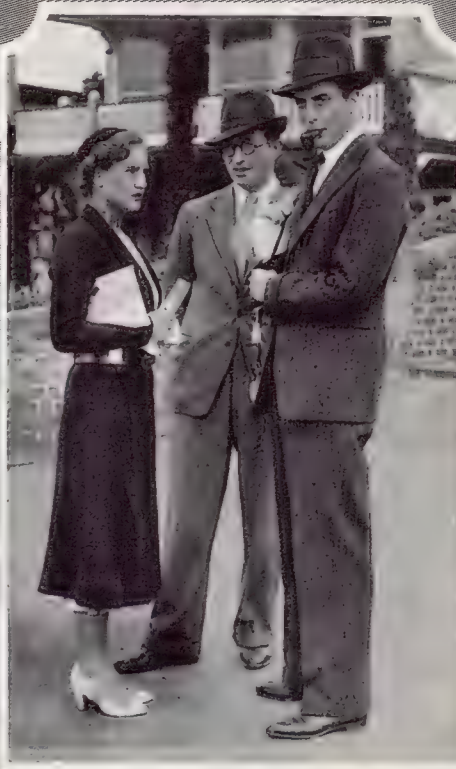


MR. MAXWELL ARNOTT (TRAINER), MISS
BARBARA JAMESON (OWNER OF "IRISH
STEW") AND MR. J. O'H. MACARDLE



LADY LAMBART AND SIR OLIVER LAMBART,
HER SON

FRANCES, LADY CONYNTHAM AND
FATHER S. S. MYERSCOUGH—A VISITOR
FROM ENGLAND



LADY HEMPHILL, MR. DAVID FITZGERALD
AND MR. EDWARD LINDSAY-HOGG



MISS CLODAGH GARRATT AND MR. NIGEL
FITZGERALD

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

Going racing in the Phoenix is always a pleasant relaxation, for not only is it right in Dublin, as may be said, but a nice course to boot. Probably the most intently interested victims caught by the camera are Miss Barbara Jameson, whose "Irish Stew" won the Rathgar Plate (a G.R. contest), her trainer, Mr. Maxwell Arnott, who is also well known in the polo world, and Mr. Macardle. Father Myerscough, who has a trainer brother, is only on a visit. Irish priests do not go racing!

Miss Clodagh Garratt and Mr. Nigel Fitzgerald are two members of the famous Dublin Gate Theatre, which is now controlled by Lord Longford, and were having a little holiday from hard work. Miss Diana Boyd-Rochfort, in one of the other groups, is a niece of the famous Newmarket trainer, and Lady Hemphill who is with Mr. Lindsay Hogg and his brother-in-law, Mr. David Fitzgerald, is the wife of Lord Hemphill, who is a well-known patron of the Galway "Blazers"



THE HON. PAMELA STANLEY
AS THE QUEEN IN "VICTORIA REGINA"

From the portrait by FRANK SLATER

The Hon. Pamela Stanley is the younger sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley and has made her name in this new play, Mr. Laurence Housman's story of the great queen, which is quite likely to run for two years at the Lyric. It was mainly due to the broad-minded view taken by H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor that the difficulties with the censor were overcome and the public has not been slow in showing its gratitude. The play is beautifully produced by Mr. Gilbert Miller. Mr. Frank Slater painted the above admirable portrait after only two sittings.



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THE UNITED COUNTIES HORSE SHOW AT CARMARTHEN



LORD COVENTRY, MASTER OF THE CROOME,
AND LADY COVENTRY



LADY JOAN PHILIPPS, MISS CAVENDISH, BRIAN GETHING AND HIS MOTHER,
LADY DONATIA GETHING, COLONEL B. W. E. GETHING'S WIFE



MAJOR J. A. HERBERT, M.P.,
AND MR. WALTER ROCH



LADY LILIAN GRENFELL WITH LORD
DYNEVOR, D.L. FOR CARMARTHENSHIRE



MR. J. P. J. THOMAS, M.P., WITH
THE BARONESS DE RUTZEN

The United Counties Show, held recently at Carmarthen, is the only all-horse Show in Wales, the four counties represented being those famed centres of horse breeding, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and Pembroke. Lord Coventry, now Master of the family pack, had the Carmarthenshire Hounds, 1926-31, and renewed many old acquaintanceships at the Show. Lady Donatia Gething, *née* Fitzwilliam, was staying in South Wales with her sister, Lady Joan Philipps, Captain Grismond Picton Philipps' wife, and Sir Henry and Lady Philipps' house-party at Picton Castle, included their daughter, Baroness de Rutzen, and the Member for Hereford. Major Herbert, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, is seen with his cousin by marriage, Mr. Walter Roch, a member of one of Pembrokeshire's most sporting families, three generations of which live at Maesgwynne. Maesgwynne is often in the Show money, and won a first this time with their brood mare, Easter Morning, and her foal. Lord Dynevor's stately home, Dynevor Castle, is not far from Carmarthen. Lady Lilian Grenfell is the Duke of Marlborough's aunt

Photographs by Truman Howell



Photo.: A. Stuart

THE ETON RAMBLERS' XI. v. ST. PAUL'S

The Eton Ramblers, who were skippered by F. G. Mann (captain, Eton XI., 1936), drew with St. Paul's School in the recent match, and not too favourably—all out 165 to St. Paul's 157 for 6. The names in the above group are (l. to r., standing): G. M. Bayley, K. H. R. Johnson, C. G. Vaughan-Lee, M. N. Romer, G. B. Jackson and H. R. G. Howard. (Sitting) P. R. Tabor, B. M. Fisher, F. G. Mann (captain), W. R. Rees-Davies and J. A. B. Dickson.

LORD CARNOCK, who used to be in the 15th Hussars, and is, incidentally, the author of a very good history of that regiment's adventures in the Great War, has recently drawn attention to the serious shortage of both men and officers in our Army, and he has been followed by Mr. L. S. Amery, who backs him up and blames the terms of service imposed by what is known as the Cardwell System. Both these gentlemen have contributed most excellent letters to the *Sunday Times*, and, in referring to the Cardwell System, Mr. Amery wrote:

Those terms—viz, seven years with the Colours (four or five continuously spent abroad) and five in the Reserve, were devised nearly seventy years ago by Lord Cardwell.

They are obviously out of date under modern industrial conditions, even though so much is done to help a man to fit himself for civilian employment during the time he is serving with the Colours, and, as I view it, and as the best

They have not, as we have, a voluntary army. They make the regular serve three years and have cut out the "one-yearer." The man then goes to the Reserve, and by the time that happens, they believe that they have made him into a sufficiently good representation of a soldier to be ready to jump to it and take his place in the ranks again should an emergency occur. The material is excellent and, in the many regiments I saw, the average height was between 5 ft. 8 in. and 5 ft. 10 in. They are well set-up, smart drill and good marching troops, keen on their job and proud of their uniforms. They are not allowed to wear what are called "civvies," and I do not believe they would even if it were permitted. The officer, as of old, only wears civilian kit when on leave, though I believe he can get some special relaxation in this way if he so desires, even when with his unit.

Anyway, they have got some marvellously good stuff, and when I remarked on it to a German officer whom I know pretty well, and who also happens to be a fisherman, he said:

"We can afford to throw the small ones back! You can't, and have got to take what you can get." As, in the event of trouble, which may be only just behind the door, we should be compelled to do as Germany and other nations do, why not cut all the cackle and face the realities? Herr Hitler has eliminated the person we call the Lounge Lizard, also lipstick, rouge and painted nails, and now modernistic "art"; and by whatever means he has achieved it, he has got the German nation fighting fit. The

Pictures in the Fire

manufacturers of the soldier (the Germans) view it, the main object seems to be to go for mass production with intensive training over a much shorter period.

During a recent intensely interesting perambulation in Germany, only a very dumb person could help keeping his eyes open without appearing to be unduly inquisitive.



Photo.: Victor Hey

IN YORKSHIRE LAST WEEK

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and her only child, Lady Iris Mountbatten, who is said to have been the busiest débutante of the whole year



J. Hardman Kendal

AT THE ULLSWATER SHEEP-DOG TRIALS

Some of the many who were at Patterdale the other day. All the above were in Col. Anthony and Mrs. Lowther's party at Askham Hall. The names are (l. to r., back): Sir John Buchanan Jardine, M.F.H., Major Bush, Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson and Prince Pless. (Seated) Mr. Gerald Portman, Col. Anthony Lowther and the Princess de Chimay



IN VENICE: LADY CASTLEROSSE

This photograph of the beautiful wife of Lord Castlerosse of the scintillating pen was taken on the terrace of her Palazzo on the Grand Canal, and nothing needs to be said as to which is the more attractive, the picture or the frame

By "SABRETACHE"



Photo.: A. V. Swaabe

LADY CARRICK AND VERDICT

Lady Carrick is a charming American and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Donoghue of Philadelphia. The Great Dane in the picture is as proud as he is handsome

The Germans are thinking twice about putting everything in the way of cavalry and field-guns on "Tin Lizzies," and being very far-sighted and long-headed people, they are doing this because of the doubts about the petrol supply. There is also this: supposing there is a traffic jam due to "food" for the engines running out and not being able to get up, even if available, in a big operation by mechanised troops; what kind of a target are they going to give the guns and the aircraft? Would even a couple of divisions of cavalry, handled on the modern plan in the extended order on which any such operation would be carried out, offer

as good a mark as miles and miles of vehicles brought to a standstill; and might not mounted troops move quicker as well as less conspicuously to their objectives than a completely mechanised force? I am merely seeking information in view of what I have gathered in Germany after going about with, at any rate, one eye open. The anti-cavalry people get so hot under the collar if anyone dares to suggest that this arm may not be a "museum piece" that you must gang warily. I am merely retailing impressions which it interested me enormously to collect when in the land where they are all soldiers.

average youth and wench are magnificent specimens, and when they turn their lads over to civilian employ at, say, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, they are better set-up than possibly they would have been if they had not done a job of work soldiering. I gathered that they consider three years are sufficient for even the specialised branches—sappers, gunners and air force—but not for cavalry, an arm which is not obsolete in Germany, even though they have in a great measure succumbed to the mechanisation craze. You cannot make a cavalry soldier in three years. We are scrapping all these specialists. Suppose we find that they are wanted after all? How about it?



Photo.: D. Stuart

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL XI. v. ETON RAMBLERS

The School drew with the Eton Ramblers in the recent encounter (157 for 6, to the E.R.'s, all out, 165). St. Paul's have beaten Bedford, Felsted and Brighton this season

The names in the above group are (standing): F. H. Boyden, M. K. Brett, D. S. Russell, J. B. Behr, J. P. Jarvis, and H. W. Arnold. (Sitting) P. M. Reid, B. K. Tottin, R. H. Yeatman (captain), N. M. Mischler and D. Smith

The Germans have already de-mechanised a part of their light artillery, and they have not abolished cavalry. They do not believe that the next war will be static, but highly dynamic. And the fear about petrol supply is behind it all. This matter does not concern the German Army alone; it is a problem for every modern army. Not long ago my little friend "The Mariner," an acute observer of the events of the passing hour, wrote me a long letter, and in the course of it he remarked:

Have also been interested to read in the papers within the past 48 hours that "Tanks" are considered to be *more or less a failure in Spain*, for the Anti-Tank gun appears to have stopped them. Some years ago I wrote to Liddell Hart, suggesting to him that, with completely mechanised Armies on both sides, there was only one objective, strategic or tactical—and that was the enemy's petrol supply. A very valuable objective indeed! He was good enough to reply to the effect that I had more or less hit the bull's-eye. The *real* point is this: that, with complete

(Continued on page 418)



ANOTHER PICTURE FROM VENICE

Mr. Mark Ogilvy-Grant with Princess Alexandria of Greece, who is a daughter of the Princess Aspasia, and owns one of the most beautiful villas in all Venice. Mr. Ogilvy-Grant is a cousin of Lady Seafield



Photo.: Claude Fisher

TAKEN DURING THE CHIEF SCOUT'S VISIT TO THE HAGUE

Lord Baden-Powell is on the right flank of the picture with Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief Guide, and with them are the Directors of their respective world bureaux—Mr. Hubert Martin (Boy Scouts) and Dame Katharine Furse (Girl Guides and Girl Scouts). The recent great muster at The Hague was specially honoured by H.M. the Queen of the Netherlands



NAVY POLO IN HANKOW!

During the visit of the British Yangtse Flotilla, just before all this bang-bang business started, the officers managed to concoct some polo for a Navy team and the Hankow Polo Club and won the contest! Here are the two teams, umpires, referee (the Admiral) and all. The names are (l. to r., back): Mr. H. Weber (umpire), Lt. F. P. B. Brayne-Nicholls, Mr. P. Claridge, Lt. B. D. Gallie, Mr. P. Allan and Mr. G. Garrard (umpire). (In front) Mr. G. Veth, Lt.-Comdr. P. H. Matheson, Rear-Admiral L. E. Crabbe (commanding Yangtse Flotilla), Mr. H. Sobbe and Captain C. E. Hotham (Flag Captain)

THE agitating question, "Is British Polo in a Bad Way?", continues to be the subject of a discussion, which has been induced in the main by our failure to defeat America last year, our failure to find a team to go to the Argentine this year, and the alleged lack of any prominent recruits as displayed during the last season. The truth lies, as ever, in the middle path. Until we can circumvent the British climate, and give people the chance of getting the practice which is possible in the four other big centres in which polo-players are manufactured, we shall continue to get beaten when it comes to the pinch, beaten either lengths or by a short head, it does not matter—but beaten just the same. It gets you nowhere to blame the performers when the real trouble is that they have to go on the stage with the play only half-rehearsed. It is only by a bit of luck that people go out "word perfect."

THE four principal emporia where they can gamble upon having the time and the opportunity are: (1) America, (2) India, (3) Australia, and (4) Argentina. Why is it that it is said of young A, a promising "colt": "Send him to India, or send him to America for a season (meaning the winter), and you will see how it will sharpen him up!" The answer is: "You must send A away because you have neither the time nor the fast grounds in which and upon which to do the sharpening anywhere in the British Isles!" But then there is this to be considered: young A, whether he be a soldier or a civilian, may not have either the money or the leisure to go so far afield to get "sharpened."

Why is it that Australian polo has come on with such a burst in the last ten years? Why do the teams from America and the Argentine not only beat us where drill is concerned, but hit the ball so much better even on our often slow grounds? These questions surely answer themselves. The material we have is all right, but how can it be hoped to develop it when the opportunities are so restricted? Brigadier-General R. L. Ricketts, in that memorable letter to *The Times*, said:

Another point. Much of the ball-hitting seen is defective in method. Cannot young players be better instructed, as in other games? It has been said on good authority that a certain highly-rated player was recently little short of a laughing-stock when he appeared at an American establishment, where ball-hitting is systematically taught, and the writer can speak from bitter personal experience of defects due to want of early training.

All perfectly true, of course, but what is the real cause?

"They" say that you can never forget how to ride, swim, dance, or even flirt, if you have once been really first class at any of these amusements. That is probably true; but it is even more true that you have got to keep your eye in, and the only way that can be done is by practice and frequent refresher courses. For the person who has not attained to high efficiency, there is only one road: constant and efficiently directed schooling, and as much battle-practice as possible. One gallop in public is usually worth two in private. The answer to it all is, therefore, either (a) produce something in

POLO NOTES By "SERREFILE"

England upon which polo can be played in any weather; or (b) send people away in the winter to some place where they can carry on. I think we have got to rule out (b), even though our 1914 international side, which won, did manage to go to Spain and start playing long before it could have done in that year, which, incidentally, was a comparatively dry one for England. Those early games at Gunnersbury were played on a pretty fast ground. That was a bit of luck. We cannot gamble upon either April or May being dry.

I am sure that there is nothing the matter with our "ammunition," but what is the good of having ammunition if you never get a chance to fire it?

A part of the review of that excellent little book by "Marco," "Introduction to Handicapping," was untimely cut off in last week's notes. The rest of the notice ran like this:

In addition to all this, there is reprinted at the end of the book a most admirable article, which was originally written in 1932 for the use of umpires in Malta, and was published in the 1934 edition of the "R.N.P.A. Handbook"; and later, in 1936, as a chapter in the "Lonsdale Library Book on Polo." This is a most valuable article, and it would repay anyone, even if he is not an umpire, to re-read and absorb it, for it teaches by the method of "examples." It would be possible to quote from it absolutely at random, and if there were room I should prefer to set it out in its entirety. As this is not possible, all that can be done is to quote a few of the words of much wisdom which are therein contained. So here goes:

The first point of importance in umpiring is to know, at every moment of the game, which is the *line of the ball*.

Train yourself to establish this in your mind the instant the ball is struck, and even, if possible, to anticipate the new line.

The second point of importance, which is inseparable from the above, is that you should also know, at every moment of the game, who is *in possession of the ball*, since it is these two considerations that determine what is, and what is not, a cross.

Field Rule 16 (c) reads: "That player is in possession of the ball who is riding in the direction in which it was hit, on, or at the least angle to, the line of the ball. . . ."

Never feel that you are blowing your whistle too much: the bad umpire is the man who blows it too little.



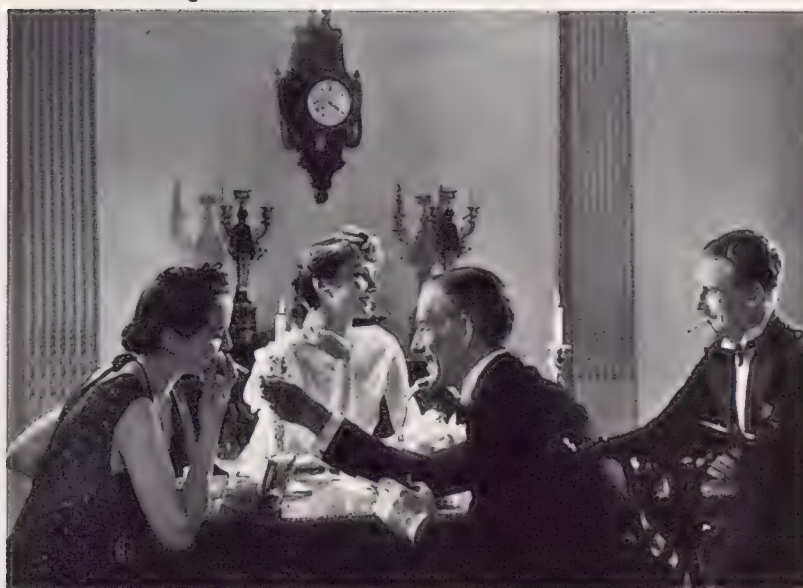
A NAVAL OCCASION IN HANKOW!

Rear-Admiral L. E. Crabbe, who commands one of the smallest units in the British Navy, H.M.S. *Bee*, flagship of the British Yangtse Flotilla (625 tons), receiving Madame Huang Shao-Yuang, wife of the Governor of Hupeh, at a Coronation reception. General Huang Shao-Yuang and Mr. G. S. Moss, the British Consul-General, are in the background

when
an
"angel passes overhead"
and
you wildly search
for something
to say . . .



have you ever noticed
how
that slight tension
is
completely broken
by
passing round
the
cigarettes ? . . .



which,
after all,
are always
such a blessing
at
awkward
moments.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"Now then, Tommy," said the teacher patiently, to the rather slow-witted pupil, "if you had five dough-nuts, and I gave you four more, how many would you have?" Tommy twisted the corners of his jacket, moved his lips, and tried to think.

"Don't count them up," said the teacher, "just tell me right off."

"I should have a—a—a—"

"Well, how many?"

"Huh—I guess I should have enough," said Tommy, grinning broadly.

An extremely fat man took his granddaughter on the pier during a seaside holiday. The child was anxious to test her weight, so he gave her a penny, which she inserted in the machine. It was one of those vocal ones fitted with a gramophone attachment, and duly announced in sepulchral tones: "Four stone, ten ounces."

The little girl was delighted and insisted that her grandparent should try his weight also. He was not at all keen on so much vocal publicity, but had to give in to her pleadings. Finally he stepped on to the platform, put a coin in the slot.

Immediately the machine said: "One at a time, please."

A census-taker, on asking a woman how old she was, received the following answer: "Do you know how old the Hill girls are next door?"

"Of course I do," he replied, "I've just come from there."

"Well," replied the woman, "I'm as old as they are."

In desperation the census-taker wrote down: "As old as the hills."



Touring Camera
LADY MARY LYGON (ALSO INSET)
AND FRIEND "GRAINGER"

Two recent and unposed pictures of the third daughter of Lord Beauchamp and the late Lady Beauchamp (who died last year and was the former Lady Lettice Grosvenor). Lady Mary Lygon and her sisters are very well known with the Croome hounds



THE lady of the house was going to stay with her mother for a fortnight, and before she left she gave instructions to her husband about the care of her pet Pekingese.

"Mary," she said, indicating the maid, "will look after her during the day, but I want you to be sure and take her out for an hour or so every evening."

Her spouse promised faithfully.

When she returned home, her first thought was for her beloved pet. Fondling the dog in her arms, she asked Mary if her husband had kept his promise.

"To be sure he did," replied the maid, "and I enjoyed it, too. We used to go to a different place every night."

"No," she said, "I must be firm. I cannot allow you to present me with a pearl necklace."

"I am sorry I mentioned it," replied the devoted swain.

"So am I," replied the girl. "Instead of talking beforehand about so extravagant a gift, you should simply have placed it round my neck. Then I might have been so overwhelmed that I couldn't refuse it."

The lady of the house entered the kitchen unexpectedly one night and found a policeman sitting at the table with the cook.

"Well, Bridget," she demanded, "what's the meaning of this, may I ask?"

Bridget fidgeted, grinned nervously, and then burst out: "Well, you see, mum, I got him in to crack the nuts with his truncheon!"

It was Saturday afternoon, and the local juniors were greeting their opponents, who had just arrived on the cricket-field. After two of the visitors had strolled across the field, one of them said to the captain of the home team: "Hi, there ain't much grass on this 'ere pitch of yours."

"Well," was the reply, "what do you expect? You ain't come 'ere to graze, 'ave you?"



LORETTA YOUNG, THE HEROINE IN "WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE"

The new Twentieth Century-Fox Films picture, in which Loretta Young is the fascinating heroine, has only just been finished in the U.S.A., so we shall not see it in London yet awhile. It is a comedy triangle play, and Loretta Young's opposite male star is Warner Baxter. The solution is said to be a bit unusual. Loretta Young's last film for Twentieth Century-Fox Films was "Love Under Fire," and we are to see this quite soon in London

Elizabeth Arden

requests the pleasure of your company
at her Salon

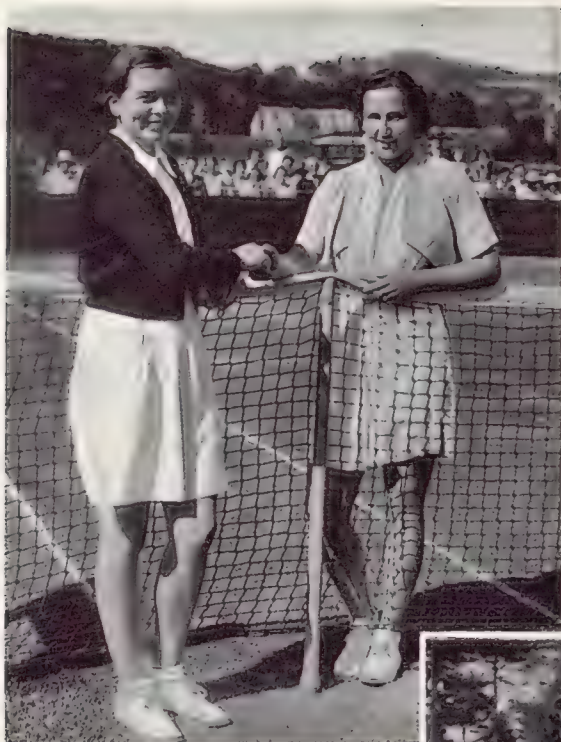
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LAWN TENNIS :: "By RABBIT"



THE WIMBLEDON CHAMPION
GIVES WALES A TREAT

Miss Dorothy Round being congratulated by the runner-up, Miss M. Law, after winning the open singles at Pwllheli for the third time running, thus making the cup her permanent property. Pwllheli has always taken a particular and almost proprietary pride in the career of Miss Round, for it was there, in 1928, that she won her first tennis trophy. Six years later she was lady champion of Wimbledon, and her brilliant regaining of the title this year will long be remembered by those who saw her match with the Polish wonder, Mlle. Jedrzejowska. Now comes marriage. May a Number One good sportswoman have Number One good luck!

WHAT a débâcle in the Wightman Cup matches at Forest Hills! The accounts of the match made sorry reading, especially the efforts of some of the correspondents to suggest that we hadn't done so badly after all, as Mary Hardwick had succeeded in taking a set off both Alice Marble and Helen Jacobs, and Kay Stammers had done likewise in the latter case. What a comment on the potentialities of our star lady players when a whole paragraph is given up to praising the isolated sets they managed to secure before the rout was complete! As for the descriptions of the match between Miss Margot Lumb and Mrs. Fabyan, someone brightly remarked: "Miss Lumb actually took seven of the games in the second set to deuce." The deuce she did—but the score remains 6—3, 6—1, a depressing début for someone who should never have been in the team at all. You might as well suggest that Mrs. Pitman should be chosen to represent England in international squash matches. Mrs. Pitman plays a "nice" game of squash, just as Miss Lumb plays quite a nice game at tennis, but her real claim to fame is that she is the best woman squash-player in the world now that Susan Noel—who, by the way, has a book on the game coming out shortly—has retired from competitive play. Just as I am certain Helen Wills Moody could not hold a candle to Suzanne at her height, so I am equally certain that Miss Lumb would have been out-manœuvred, for all her youthful pace and stamina, had she encountered Miss Noel in the days when she lived for squash alone, and had not yet had

her energies diverted into other channels. But why go on arguing on the subject? We were originally discussing our poor showing in the Wightman Cup matches, and though I know it is supposed to be unsporting and unpatriotic, not to mention untactful, to hold post-mortems on a match in which our country's representatives have been wiped off the map, still, for the sake of future encounters, I do think the time has come for a little plain speaking on the subject.

Let us get one fact established immediately. If—I admit it's a big "if," but all the same I repeat—if we had chosen to put on to court the strongest team we possess in this country, then I believe that we could have held the Americans right up to the deciding match. The score would probably have been 4—3 to them, instead of 6—1; the 1 being a sop to international relations presented on the racket of a novice to the team, Miss Bundy, who was only substituted at the last moment as a kind of consolation prize to the visitors.

How differently they regard the Wightman Cup matches in America! So great is the national feeling on the subject that the players themselves are subconsciously affected to the extent of burying all their personal differences, their own likes and dislikes, for the sake of the common sporting good, the common goal of seeking to keep the Cup in the States for another year. Even in

the days when Helen Moody and Helen Jacobs were bitter rivals, they were able to sink their differences temporarily for the sake of the side and give of their best, and encourage each other to victory as though they were as great tennis "buddies" as Mako and Budge. And always behind the team, advising, encouraging with the warm-hearted wisdom of many years' experience of first-class tennis, has been the original donor of the Cup, Mrs. Wightman, to whom every player listens with admiration and affection based on the knowledge that here is a captain who is a credit to her sex and a credit to her country.

It is sad that the L.T.A. will not realise the necessity of appointing such a non-playing captain for future Wightman Cup contests to assist and advise our own side. When the team goes to America they go in the care of a man who, as I have said before in one of my articles, is a tremendous favourite with all his charges. But all the same, despite the splendid way in which Mr. Horn succeeds in keeping all the team on good terms with themselves and the world in general, the fact remains we never win a match—not even that match two years ago, when we started off by winning the first two singles on the first day. Did we strike home our advantage? Oh, well, it's all ancient history now, as this year's contest soon will be, but before yet another débâcle is dusted and put away on the museum shelves of official tennis chronicles, let me make



OUR ONLY WIGHTMAN CUP SUCCESSES

Miss Kay Stammers (left) and Miss Freda James who, in the last match at Forest Hills, notched up one point for Great Britain as against the six already scored by the U.S.A. They beat Mrs. J. Van Ryn and Miss D. Bundy 6—3, 10—8. In the singles Miss Stammers took a set off Miss Helen Jacobs, and Miss Hardwick did likewise to both Miss Jacobs and Miss Marble. In short, America outplayed us for the seventh successive year

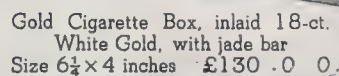
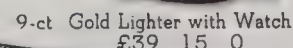
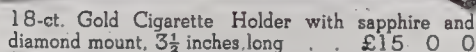
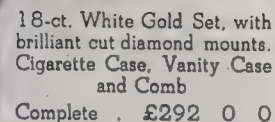
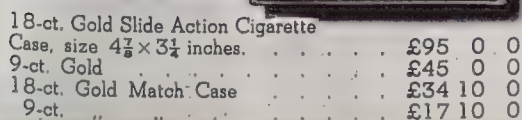
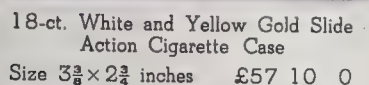
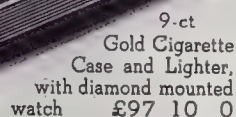
one more protest about the fantastic unfairness of the casting of this year's team. I don't want to be a bore and point out that when the team was originally chosen I prophesied exactly what would happen, both in the singles, because of the inexplicable absence of Peggy Scriven, and in the doubles, because of the preposterous coupling of Miss Evelyn Dearman and Miss Joan Ingram, also making her début in the team. She and her partner could only secure five games between them in their match. How different it would have been if the authorities had had the sense to send Miss Billie Yorke, partnered by Mrs. King, who could also have played the third singles match in the place of Miss Lumb.

Still, there it is, and I should like to think that we shall learn our lesson from this painfully humiliating massacre, but I am afraid we never shall: it has always been our country's motto to muddle through somehow, and whether it is the sport of war or the war of sport, the same tactics seem to be universally employed. But what a pity it all

(Continued on page xiv)

Asprey

BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

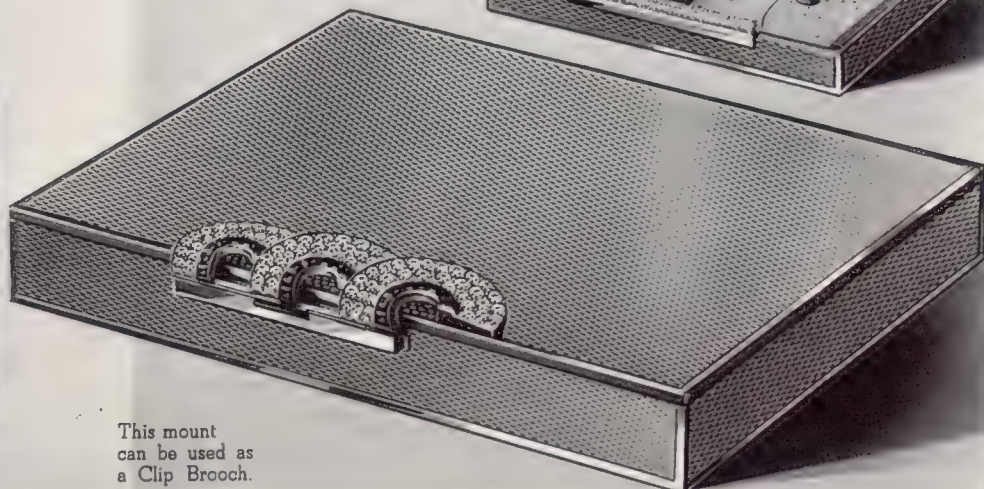


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This mount
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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Making Good.

Let every new aerodrome have not only its plan for sheds and concrete aprons and "administrative buildings" (the name alone makes one shudder!), but also its plan for flower gardens and trees and pleasing scenes. It might even be possible eventually to make the buildings themselves look better. There is no reason why they should not be so soundly proportioned and so soundly designed as the aeroplanes.

As it is at present, the aeroplanes themselves are about the only thing on an R.A.F. aerodrome which, by the greatest stretch of the imagination, can be called beautiful. And let energetic Commanding Officers remember that whitewash is not everything. A small, well-tended flower-bed is worth a sea of whitewash. If the need for making Service aerodromes look pleasant were appreciated and acted upon, there would be slightly less cause of regret when we see, as we now do near Oxford, the fertile acres of a beautiful corner of England artificially sterilised to take military aeroplanes.

The King's Cup Air Race.

In a little more than a week's time the sixteenth King's Cup Air Race will be flown. It is arranged on a different formula

this year from last, for there is no pylon-racing. But it is again a two-days' event, and again the eliminating contest is flown without handicap and the final with handicap. The entries are good, thanks, no doubt, to Viscount Wakefield's generous money-prize gift, and include the de Havilland Comet which won the England-Australia air race and which, as I write, is flying in the Damascus air race, and the little T.K.4, which is one of the most fascinating little

(Continued on page 418)

AT THE GUNNERS' FLYING MEETING AT SALISBURY

The Royal Artillery Flying Club held their first meeting at High Post Aerodrome, Salisbury, and above are Brigadier-General H. R. S. Massey, President of the Club, and Major-General A. P. Y. Langhorne, Inspector, R.A., at the War Office since 1936

Aerodrome Aesthetics.

THERE has been unfavourable comment about the new Royal Air Force aerodrome near Oxford. An able article appeared in one of the evening papers the other day contrasting the rich and beautiful acres now under cultivation with the sterile ugliness of a military aerodrome. The writer was right. A field of corn is always more heart-stirring and more noble than a landing-field. It embodies the very essence of life and humanity, whereas the landing-ground is at best a meadow that has been spoilt. No arguments of mine can ever make a military aerodrome noble or beautiful, and I would not attempt to invent any. But this I will say: that there is no need, in either lay-out or construction, to emphasise the ugliness of aerodromes, military or civil. There is no need to dwell on the unpleasant side.

Cosmetics for Aerodromes.

It is hard, of course, to combat the view that the ugly must also be the good; but it should be less hard in aerodromes than in anything else, for they have such small pretensions to beauty. They are noisy and smelly and the buildings are usually conglomerations of eye-sores. If the building which began things looked presentable, it is certain that others will have clustered round it, and by grossly inharmonious assembly will have produced an appearance of unexampled ghastliness. So there should not be any very vigorous resistance to a touch of pleasance here and there. Whenever I visit Andover I notice those wonderful flower-beds among the buildings. They do not make the buildings beautiful—Air Force architecture, new and old, is a cross between a cowshed and a coffee-stall—but they do not, on the other hand, make them appear any worse. The flowers there, at appropriate times of the year, so take the eye that one forgets the buildings altogether. Now, could not other military aerodromes also devote a little attention to flower-growing and even to tree-planting? Yes, yes, yes—I know that aeroplanes run into trees when they are trying to take off or land; but there are plenty of places on aerodromes where trees could be grown without attracting the suicidal aviator.



AT SALISBURY, BUT NOT LOOKING AT "MIDDAY SUN"

Taken at the R.A. Flying Club's first meeting at Salisbury (where the Leger favourite won), and the people in this picture are looking at something else in the air. The names, left to right, are: Captain Barrington, R.A., Captain Bellamy, R.A., and Captain and Mrs. Jack Alexander



ALSO AT THE R.A. MEETING

Lieut. P. R. M. Waterfield, R.A., and Lieut. P. K. L. Wilson, Essex Regiment, with a Gipsy Moth which was one of the performers at the R.A. Flying Club meeting

This England . . .



The Quantocks—from the road to Bagborough



DO the little lanes of England sometimes wind about for fun? Slopes they must take easily for the sake of horse and load . . . and skirt the marshland . . . and keep below the skyline on the downs, to see and not be seen. But has the countryman ne'er made a turn, the better to enjoy a well-loved view—and so added his twist to the way between Hither and Yon? For he loves his countryside as greatly as you or I, and with perhaps a deeper gratitude for its rich and lovely gifts. Certainly does he like his Worthington as well as we—and with perhaps a greater understanding of whence its richness comes.

DILEMMA

By

HOLLOWAY HORN



He crumpled up and lay still. Quickly, Mulligan went through his pockets, but there was little in them beyond a few pounds in a wallet

FOR Mulligan's purpose, Fancourt Mews was just about the most convenient place in London. It was a *cul-de-sac* tucked away in what had once been a fashionable part of the town. Most of the garages were occupied by tradesmen's vans, and after eight or nine in the evening it was deserted. Moreover, it contained an empty stable, the loft of which provided Mulligan with an excellent and comfortable point of vantage.

From it, he had watched Doc Hartley leave, an hour or so before. The Doc was in evening dress, and he drove an attractive looking saloon. Let it be said at once that, beyond the name by which he was known in the underworld, Hartley had no connection whatever with the profession of medicine.

Eleven o'clock came, and half-past—but Mulligan was a patient man when he was on a job. An unpleasant, bluish scar beneath his right eye lent a sinister look to a face which, even apart from it, would have been unprepossessing. He was far too great a physical coward to be a real crook like Doc Hartley, but, to a great extent, he made up for it with cunning. The police might suspect almost to the point of certainty, but Mulligan usually contrived to slip through their hands.

Midnight came; Mulligan, patiently waiting, at length heard the sound of a car turning into the Mews. Silently he crept down the stairs; as the car passed the door, he slipped out after it. He was carrying a bag filled with wet sand, and approached the car like a shadow as it drew up by its garage. Doc Hartley was bending down to raise the bolt of the garage door when Mulligan swung the heavy bag and brought it down on the back of his head. He crumpled up and lay still.

Quickly, Mulligan went through his pockets, but there was little in them beyond a few pounds in a wallet. In the car, however, he found a small leather case, and from its pleasantly heavy weight assumed that it contained the proceeds of the raid the Doc had carried out that night.

Almost at once Mulligan was merged in the silent darkness of the Mews. It was, from his point of view, a very neat bit of work. He had run the minimum of risk and got away with the swag. Brains, he decided with an unpleasant grin, always told in the long run. He had discovered that the gang of which Hartley was the leader had planned the burglary for that night, and for some time past had known where Hartley garaged his car. The rest had been easy.

Mulligan avoided the main thoroughfares on his way home. He was living at the time in Shepherds Bush and once in

the seclusion of his room he cut the case open. The contents rather disappointed him; the burglary, he knew, had been an important one, but the stuff was not as good as he had expected. There was, however, a small gold cigarette-box bearing the initials "M. R. C.", and several rings, one of which contained an emerald that would certainly fetch a tidy sum. On the whole, it was a satisfactory haul. In his amiable way he reflected that he had done very much better than Doc Hartley; all he had got out of the night's work was a headache!

It would, of course, need intelligence to get rid of the stuff. He dare not attempt to sell it in the usual channels, because that would, sooner or later, link him with the affair in Fancourt Mews, and Doc Hartley and his pals were not people to suffer in silence. If it became known that he had sandbagged Hartley, he realised that his one chance of safety would be to get into prison as quickly as possible. There is, in spite of everything, a queer sort of honour among thieves.

After breakfast, he filed off the initials from the gold box, packed his singularly ill-gotten gains into various pockets, and caught the ten-thirty train to Birmingham. London was altogether too risky, but no one knew him in the Midland city. He went straight from the station to an address he had obtained some time before. Ostensibly the establishment was that of a working jeweller, but Mulligan knew that it was merely a cloak for the real business. Here he sold the cigarette-box and the emerald ring. The remainder of the stuff was pawned at various places in the city, and with nearly a hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, Mulligan caught the evening train back to town.

He had secreted most of the money in a small suitcase he had taken with him for the purpose, and this he left in the cloak-room at St. Pancras. It was late when he reached the club in Soho where he usually found a few kindred spirits, whatever the hour. That night, however, there were few members present and none of those with whom he usually associated.

"Hallo, Mr. Mulligan!" the waiter greeted him. "Seen the papers?"

"No. I've been in the country all day."

"You haven't heard about Doc Hartley, then?"

"No," said Mulligan, suppressing the start the other's words had given him.

"He's been done in!"

"Not dead!" Mulligan exclaimed incredulously.

(Continued on page 414)

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BREMEN

NEW YORK: CONTINENT: FAR EAST: 11a REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.1 (WHITEHALL 6344) AND TRAVEL AGENCIES

DILEMMA—(Continued from page 412)

"Very dead. In a mews down Hammersmith way."

"Poor old Doc! Who did it?" Mulligan went on, in a distressed tone.

"Search me," said the waiter. "Somebody dropped him a real fourpenny one. They found a bag of wet sand near him, I hear."

"Been on a job, I suppose?"

"Looks like it. His pal Mendoza was in here this evening."

"You don't mean Mendoza did it?" Mulligan protested.

"Course not. He's very cut up about it. He only left him about an hour before it happened."

"Last night, you say?"

"Yes."

"Gimme a brandy," said Mulligan; and although the licensing regulations forbade it, the spirit was produced—in the usual ginger-ale bottle.

Hartley's death was a complication that Mulligan had not foreseen. He did some rapid thinking as he sipped the neat brandy. He couldn't understand it. He hadn't hit him as hard as all that! But the main trend of his thoughts was concerned with his own safety. Could the police bring it home to him? He had, of course, worn gloves while he was waiting in the Mews. The police would probably find his cigarette-ends and matches in the loft, but they were both very ordinary brands. No one had seen him near the place before or after the accident—for so he preferred to think of the happening. Nor could the swag, even if the police found any of it, be linked with Hartley, because the Doc had pinched it only an hour or so before he was killed. Mulligan finished the brandy and decided that he had no reason to be uneasy.

He read the accounts in all the evening papers. They were, indeed, full of murders that night, but Mulligan was only interested in one. The reports suggested that the motive of the murder was revenge, and stressed the point that the police knew a great deal about the dead man. He was still reading when an acquaintance came into the club with the news that Doc Hartley's pal, Mendoza, had been detained in connection with his death. This, even Mulligan had to admit to himself, was bad luck on Mendoza, but it relieved him of an immediate worry. Mendoza disliked him, and might find out that he had known about the burglary.

He reached the house where he lived—or, rather, where he usually slept—in the small hours, and there received an unpleasant shock. Detective-Inspector Hanworthy and a constable were waiting.

"Hallo, Mulligan!" the Inspector greeted him.

"What you want? You got nothing on me!" he protested.

"Perhaps not. But the Superintendent would like a chat with you at the station, Mulligan."

"Won't to-morrow do? I'm tired."

"No. To-day's the day, Mulligan. Now, come on. You know it's no use being awkward. If you're a good boy and tell the truth, you may be back here within an hour or so."

"You don't give a chap a chance to go straight," Mulligan complained bitterly.

The Inspector smiled: "Cut it out, Mulligan," he said. "Come on!"

They found Superintendent Brothers of the Yard awaiting them at the station. "Where were you last night, Mulligan, at midnight?" he asked without preamble.

"In bed, asleep," replied Mulligan, with perfect assurance.

"And you can prove it?"

"Yes."

"Of course! And where have you been to-day?" the Superintendent went on.

"I ain't been top well. I stayed in bed until tea-time. Been about places since."

"You haven't been to Birmingham, by any chance?"

"Not me," said Mulligan. "Why should I go to Birmingham?"

"I don't know. I thought you might have been to a jeweller called Runkle there."

"Not me!"

"Someone did. And, oddly enough, he had a scar just like the one you've got. Broken bottle, wasn't it?"

Mulligan was silent. He felt suddenly uncertain.

"I'm going to detain you, Mulligan, on suspicion of being in possession of stolen property. Runkle is on his way to London. You know, of course, whether he can identify you. As it happens, his shop was raided this evening in connection with another matter, and certain articles were found there."

"I'm saying nothing," said Mulligan sullenly.

"Very wise, perhaps. And since I've detained you, I warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

"You say this chap is coming here?" Mulligan asked.

"He'll be here any minute. He's on the mail train, I've just heard."

"Well, I was there," Mulligan admitted.

"So I suspected. But I've warned you, remember."

"Course he'll identify me. This damned scar! Look

here, I'll tell you the truth. I planted some stuff for a chap I met in Hoxton. It was a commission job."

"Have you paid him yet?"

"I give the money to a pal of his I met at the club. You can search me if you like. I've only got about seven quid on me. That's the commission I kept back."

"Who was the chap you sold the stuff for?"

"I'm not saying. I'm not a squealer!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to account for being in possession of those things, particularly the gold cigarette-box. You made a bad job of filing out those initials, Mulligan. They could still be made out."

"The chap I got 'em from did it!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell me who he is."

"I'm saying nothing."

"Just as you like. But the initials stood for Montague Roland Carfax," the Superintendent said solemnly.

"Never heard of the gent," Mulligan replied complacently.

"Don't you read the papers? Mr. Carfax was murdered last night by the man who took that box."

Mulligan's complacency drained from him.

"I . . . I didn't do it!" he cried in a terrified tone.

"No. I don't think you did," the Superintendent replied. "You haven't got the guts to pull off a job like that. But unless you tell us who you got the stuff from, you're for it, Mulligan. Come on, now! Who was it?"

But Mulligan was silent.

THE END.



AT FRINTON: LADY LEVER AND HER SON CHRISTOPHER

A recent snapshot at that paradise for the young where the sand is quite super and even the paddling is safe. Lady Lever, the former Miss Frances Goodwin, married Sir Tresham Lever in 1930 and the comely son and heir arrived in 1932 and appears thoroughly to approve of the sun and air



View from Above

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A POLITICAL OCCASION: THE MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE SPEAKS IN SCOTLAND

At a Garden Fête and demonstration in aid of the National Government held recently at Philiphaugh, Selkirk, in Lord William Scott's constituency, the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison had some encouraging news of the hoped-for revival of farmers' glory. The Minister for Agriculture is seen (third from left) in the front row of this platform party group. Also in front are (from left) Lady William Scott, Lord William Scott, M.P., Mrs. Morrison, Lady Burghley (Lord William Scott's sister) and Miss Clark. Behind are Mr. John Hutchinson, Lord Burghley, M.P. for Peterborough, and Major and the Hon. Mrs. S. S. Steel

T.T. Time.

NEXT Saturday we have what is I suppose the most important motor-car race staged in England since the 1926

Grand Prix on an artificial road course

at Brooklands. It is the Royal Automobile Club's Tourist Trophy race, and it will be held for the first time on the Donington road circuit. Do not expect the thrills of a Grand Prix of the type that was held at Monaco the other day, or of the one that was held in Germany not long ago. But the T.T. has provided some fine sport in the past. Although it is a handicap event—and all forms of handicap automatically reduce spectacular interest—and although it is for stock cars and not racing cars, it has often brought the crowds to their feet in an ecstasy of applause. More than once in Ulster I have seen the packed occupants of the grand-stand jump up as one to shout and wave encouragement at the drivers. And this is the first time the race has been held in England. It was originally held in 1905 in the Isle of Man, and that was the place again in 1906, 1907, 1914, and 1922. In 1928 and every succeeding year the course was the Ards Circuit, near Belfast. It was there that the great Bentley-Lagonda duels were fought and that Tazio Nuvolari, Tim Birkin, Lord Howe and Caracciola gave the crowds a good deal more than their money's-worth.

This year the entries are rather small. But this will not necessarily diminish the interest of the race. Huge entries are not the essential ingredients of good sport, but carefully prepared, well-driven entries with

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

the impulsion of international rivalry behind them. This we have got. There are English, French, Italian and German cars and, if all goes well, the drivers will include not only our own E. R. Hall, with his Bentley, but also some of

the best French drivers, including, probably, Chiron. There was a certain amount of unfortunate fustian about the Delahayes, but at the moment it seems probable that the six-cylinder cars will be run. Then there are also the French Darracqs and the German Frazer-Nash B.M.W.'s and the Italian Fiats. Altogether, I think it will be worth going a long way—and certainly the hundred odd miles from London—to Donington to see this year's T.T.

Steel.

Lord Nuffield, after delivering his devastating attack upon steel prices at the luncheon held to celebrate the launching of the new 12 h.p. "Series III," Morris car the other day, remarked: "I usually manage to say what I want." No truer word has been spoken. He could have added: "And when I say it, a good part of the civilised world pays attention." I have listened to Lord Nuffield speaking on many occasions, and I think that the reason his remarks attract such interest is that they strike a note of complete sincerity. When he said that the way steel prices were being kept up was "a perfect ramp, an absolute ramp," it might have been libellous or anything else; but no one would have dared to suggest that it was, because of the flaming sincerity behind his words. When he decides he must say something—it was the same when he attacked the Air Ministry over

(Continued on page 418)



JUMPING IN GERMANY: MRS. VICTOR GERHARDI

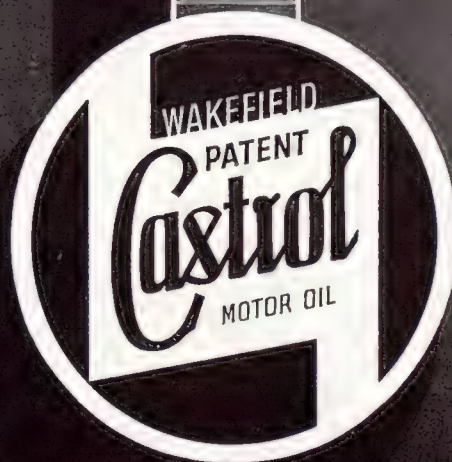
On her Irish-bred "Desert Guide" negotiating the first obstacle at the Bad Aachen Horse Show in the ladies' international open jumping competition, which she won for Great Britain. There were thirty-four competitors and ten nations were represented. Mrs. Victor Gerhardt, a British subject, lives mainly in Finland



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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 416

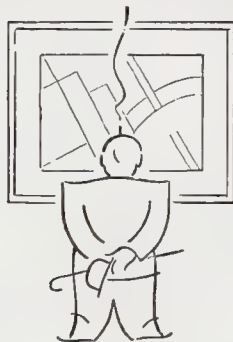
the shadow industry business and showed himself so utterly right—he lets himself go in a way that is both rare and refreshing. Probably just before he has been speaking from notes, pleasingly, but very correctly. Then you see him sweep his notes aside and pause and look round. Then he moves a little nearer to the microphone and you say to yourself, "Now it's coming." Those who know him look at one another and nod with suppressed excitement. The next moment he is delivering something which has the sort of effect one expects from a broadside from a battleship.

I have not been into the controversy about steel prices, but I must say that, on the face of it, the case against the steel manufacturers is strong. As Lord Nuffield said, when the motor manufacturers got their 33½ per cent. protection they reduced their prices 50 per cent., but steel prices have gone up 25 per cent. And it is because steel prices have gone up that motor car prices have gone up, for a motor car nowadays is mainly steel.

* * *

Independent Mounting.

Before the new Morris cars were announced, the Daimler and Lanchester programme came out and proved to be an exceptionally interesting one. The new Daimler "15" now has independent front-wheel mounting, a feature which should lift it immediately to an even wider popularity. The system uses coil springs of large size. For the rest the car retains the typical Daimler features of the fluid flywheel transmission with the four-speed self-changing gear box. I shall be giving TATLER readers the report of a road trial of one of the new cars shortly, but meanwhile it is worth noting that the steering—which should always be considered and criticised in relation to the front suspension—is stated to combine lightness with immediacy in an exceptionally successful way. That brings me to a point which I shall hope to discuss at more length at some future date; it concerns the use of ultra-low-gear steering. Ultra-low-gear steering has its advantages with the modern fat tyres for manoeuvring at low speeds in garages and parking places and in traffic, but it does seriously reduce controllability. But that is not nowadays of great moment provided only that the car is stable at speed, for under touring conditions people do not drive near skidding point. Some cars with low-gear steering are not stable at speed. I have noticed as a matter of practical experience that the cars with independent front-wheel mountings of thoroughly sound design are very stable at speed.



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Air Eddies—continued from p. 410

monoplanes I have seen, and which should be very fast indeed. We also have a number of Percival New Gulls, one of them to be flown by Captain Percival himself. This year the machines are divided into two classes according to horse power, and the first two-thirds in each class in the eliminating contest will take part in the Final. The handicap allowances for the Final will be announced before the eliminating contest and will not subsequently be altered. There are first and second prizes for each class for fastest time in the eliminating contest. But perhaps the most interesting thing about this year's race is the course. It takes the aeroplanes twice across the sea between Portpatrick and Newtownards. In the Final the machines will leave Baldonnell aerodrome, Dublin, and will fly up to Newtownards and then across the sea to England and down, by a slightly zig-zag route, to Cardiff and thence to Hatfield. The start of the eliminating contest on Friday and the finish of the Final on Saturday will be at Hatfield, but otherwise the interest in the race will be spread about the country.

* * *

Gliding.

There has been much gliding activity of late and British glider pilots have shown a skill in soaring which testifies to rapid progress during the past two or three years. Mr. Philip Wills, who has made many remarkable soaring flights, did one the other day from Dunstable to Dover. At Dover he had a height of 4,500 ft. and might have finished the flight by a Channel crossing, but he wisely determined to try for a bigger margin of height first. He failed to get it, and actually lost some of the height he had and was forced to land. It was a fine flight, though not the longest Mr. Wills has made.

* * *

The first flight of an aeroplane over the Pamirs has been accomplished by the Lufthansa with a Junkers 52 fitted with three B.M.W. Hornet 132 engines. Starting from Berlin the plane flew by way of Rhodes, Damascus, Baghdad and Teheran to Kabul. Taking off again from Kabul it flew without intermediate landing the distance of 1,500 miles over largely uninhabited and unexplored territory to Anhsi, in the north-western corner of Kansu Province, in 11 hours. Having stopped there for an hour it flew on to Suchow, also in Kansu, which was also reached, it is stated, according to time-table. The crew of the aeroplane consisted of Baron von Gablenz, a director of the Lufthansa, Pilot-Captain Untucht, and Herr Kirchhoff, mechanic and wireless operator. A daring and most remarkable achievement.



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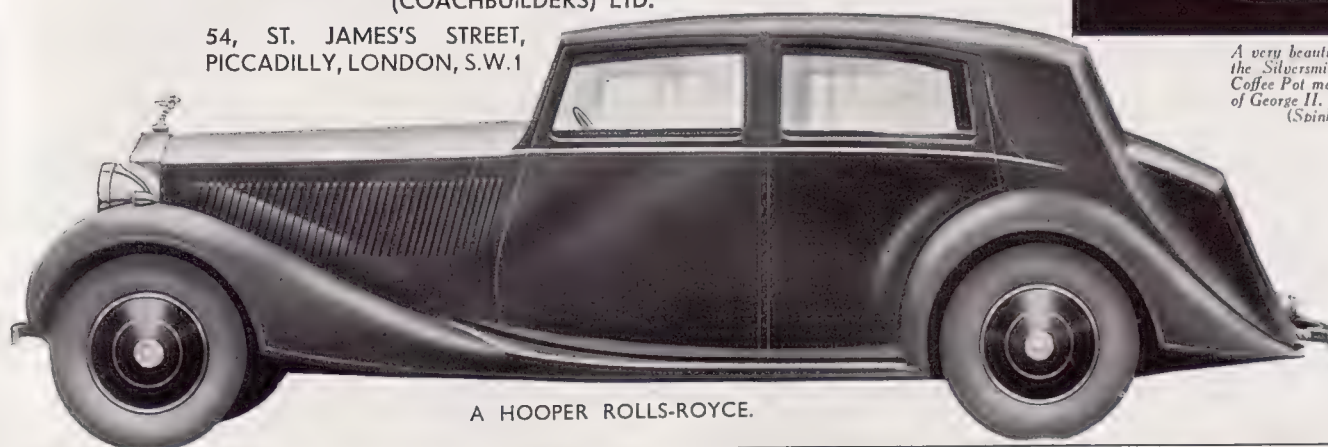
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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 408

is, when you think that it was we who originally taught the world the art of lawn tennis, and who, when the Wightman Cup contest was first instituted, were considered to have infinitely the stronger set of players from whom to draw from year to year. And the ironic thing is, we still have, if only the authorities could be forced to put aside their personal prejudices in the matter, and choose the best players, instead of the players whom they personally like the most.

Their judgment, incidentally, would be considerably assisted by the inclusion on their committee of a couple of the old-stagers, who do not wear rose-coloured glasses, say, Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Mrs. Larcombe, who know more about the game between them in one of their little fingers than the whole of the council of the L.T.A. in every joint in their bodies, gout and all. Add the name of that other famous player, Mrs. Sterry, to the list and I predict that these three gallant veterans could choose and coach a team that would, in its turn, rout the Americans when they arrive in this country early next summer.

But the whole business must be reorganised on a winning basis. That is to say, our girls must be taught that a place in the Wightman Cup side means more than a series of new dresses to wear at the dances given by a hospitable country in honour of their "fair" visitors. It means more than seeing the world at someone else's expense. It means more than the right to wear a badge on one's knitted pullovers for the rest of one's tennis career. It means self-sacrifice, and the sweat of hard, continuous training; it means sinking one's own personality until it is indistinguishable from that of the rest of the team; it means listening with both ears to the advice and suggestions of women who in their day won greater battles than any of the victories of the present members of the team; it means putting away all personal feelings, all petty jealousies or animosities.

It means, in short, becoming an Amazon woman in the best meaning of the term.

And that is what the Americans in some marvellous way succeed in achieving. Even a delicate, porcelain-like feminine creature, such as Mrs. Fabyan, takes on heroic stature when she is playing for her country, while Helen Jacobs, in her turn, becomes inspired, scenting a crisis, as animals scent blood. It was said after Wimbledon that she was finished. Yet she won both her matches in the recent Wightman Cup match. You see the moral I am trying to draw? In vain, I daresay, but my conscience would not be stilled till I had made

one last effort to point out why we lost and how we can win another time.

And now let's forget the Wightman Cup matches for another year and say something about a man who lived for tennis for fifty years, and now has gone from our courts for ever, Mr. H. S. Scrivener, "Scriv," as he was lovingly called by thousands of tennis players and followers of the game who knew him, both as a referee at Wimbledon and later as one of the finest writers about the game in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

I do not doubt that this grey-haired ghost will haunt some of his favourite tournaments for many years to come. He had such a charming manner: always fair in his criticisms, always kind but never patronising to the aspiring player, never a tennis snob, praise be, his memory will be held in respect and love by all generations, and by rabbits and stars alike.

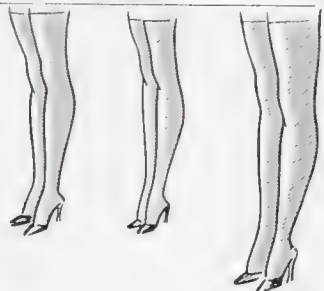
Finally, this week I must make some comment on another passing, the passing of Bunny Austin, not from the ranks of living players, but from the Davis Cup ranks. His decision not to turn out next season in the quest of the return of the cup does not mean that he will not be seen at Wimbledon, or at some other of the major meetings in Europe, but simply that he feels—and his point of view is easy to understand—that he has served his country faithfully these last seven years, and now it is the turn of a younger generation of players to do their part.

Not that Bunny is by any means a veteran yet. Personally, I thought he was playing as well as ever at Wimbledon this year. But it is a very different matter to appear in the Challenge Round of the Cup and train for that specific occasion, and to spend the spring careering round Europe playing off early ties. Besides, as this player remarked to me, when I found myself sitting just in front of him at the first night of John Van Driuten's new play, it's no use his going on alone; one star player cannot win the cup back; what is needed is a completely new team which gradually can be built up into a champion side again, just as Perry and Austin in their turn were coached by Mr. Roper Barrett till the cup became theirs.

We need, how we need, a female Roper Barrett to take charge of our Wightman Cup aspirants. Meanwhile, let us be grateful to Austin for all that he has done for re-establishing the prestige of men's tennis in this country, and pray that soon from somewhere, though heaven alone knows where, a suitable successor for his place in the team will appear over the tennis horizon.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By
M. E. Brooke

A black and white photograph of two women in 1937 fashion. The woman on the left is standing, wearing a dark, wide-brimmed hat, a dark high-collared scarf, and a light-colored, double-breasted coat with a grid-like pattern and dark buttons. The woman on the right is seated, wearing a dark, textured, double-breasted jacket with large buttons and a matching skirt. She is also wearing a dark hat and holding a small bag. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

IT is in the Jersey Shop at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, that the suits portrayed may be seen. The coat and skirt is of hand-knitted fine bouclé wool and costs nine and a half guineas. The colour in this instance is hunter's green with a rust-red scarf; there is a raised self design which suggests trellis-work. The model on the left consists of a skirt, cardigan coat and velvet scarf, and a boldly checked coat with slightly stiffened shoulders and neat revers. When the coat is closed the buttons are concealed by a flap. It must be related that in the Jersey Shop there are dresses and suits from four and a half guineas, and a special feature is made of plain skirts with pull-overs, or "tops" as they are sometimes called, enriched with decorative and at the same time original patterns. The colour schemes are unusual and modish. Furthermore, all who wish to study the newest ideas in hats are able to do so here; there are models from Paris, exact copies of the same, as well as this firm's interpretations which really are charming

Picture
by Blake



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on your pillow!*



*"Your place has an
atmosphere all its own"*

"Don't be absurd!

Anybody can buy '4711'!"

In a hot and bothering world where not an hour seems able to pass without either fretting you or rushing you or trying to tire you somehow or other, surely you owe yourself this much . . . To be a little lavish with your "4711". To let "4711" put its sweetness and sparkle into the air you breathe, madam — into the water you bath in — into the lingerie

you wear. To let "4711" take charge of you, sir, when you travel or when you are at sport or at work. Four-seven-eleven . . . classic Eau de Cologne . . . costing a little more — yes — but how much more effective. Four-seven-eleven . . . from the City of Cologne itself . . . made to the same original secret recipe for nearly the last hundred and fifty years.



*"4711" sprays away
those jangled nerves!*

'4711'

Watch-shaped
Handbag Bottle
2/6 and 4/9

Wicker-covered Bottles
and attractive Decanters
up to 52/6

Original bottle
as illustrated 8/9
(half-size 4/9)



**Genuine
Eau de
Cologne**

BLUE & GOLD LABEL



PURE
CASHMERE

BEAUTY and graceful lines are ever present in a thoroughbred; therefore Braemar Knitwear is often compared to the same. The superb cut is knitted into the garments in such a clever manner that they fit perfectly. Furthermore, all unnecessary fancy and fussy notes are eliminated, and there are styles which are suitable for the débutante as well as the older woman. Innes, Henderson & Co., of Hawick, are the makers thereof, and should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them they will be pleased to send the name and address of the nearest agent on application. It is pure cashmere that makes the Braemar models on this page. The marine blue pullover at the top has a blue and white scarf; the cardigan on the left below is of a new dusky pink shade, the scarf being relieved with touches of black. It is a twin set that is seen on the right, the jumper in blue and the cardigan in nutmeg brown, both colours being present in the cravat

THE rapid approach of autumn with a touch of frost in the air brings the top-coat into the foreground. There is the redingote, slightly waisted, with rather a full skirt and square shoulders; it is made in many materials ranging from tweed to fur. By the way, in this connection it must be mentioned that the little dormouse is giving its fur for the fashioning of coats, and that the white fox is allowing his hair to be dyed a delicate pale lilac nuance. Reverting to the top-coat—no shadow is cast across the many variations of the swagger theme. Sometimes it fits very neatly under the arms with considerable fullness at the back, which falls in straight lines, the fastening being concealed by a flap. The majority extend to the knees. There are others which are quite square, just clearing the hips; they look particularly well on a slender figure. The "classic" coat will be represented, important features being the draped collars, fur-trimmed sleeves, and edge to edge hems



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S New Collection of SUITS and ENSEMBLES



"AIDA"—A handsome coat and skirt materialised in a novelty small ribbed wool. The coat is lavishly trimmed with fox and finished at neck with tie of material in new autumn colourings. Black, Navy, Woodland Brown, Rifle Green, Mulberry.
Hip Sizes: 38, 40. Price $15\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

"BELLA"—A town suit carried out in novelty wool, suitable for any occasion. The chief feature of this suit is the wide band of Baby Seal Fur trimming each side of the coat, thus giving a very slimming effect. Many attractive colours.
Hip Sizes: 38, 40. Price $9\frac{1}{2}$ gns.



SUIT AND ENSEMBLE SALON—GROUND FLOOR.

Marshall & Snelgrove
Vere Street & Oxford Street, London, W.1



GIVING THANKS

Elizabeth Arden gains

FOR LOVELINESS

the world's gratitude



MODERN women have been engineered into existence; they have entered into the swing and go of the dynamic life of to-day, and nothing is allowed to impede their progress. The result is streamlined bodies which are beautiful because of their exquisite adaptation to purpose. As women have found freedom for their ankles by abandoning long skirts with their superfluous wrappings, so they are lifting their heads to the sun and rejoicing in the freedom of a face unshadowed by a sunshade. Elizabeth Arden (25, Old Bond Street) interprets the new vogue for the modish suntan shades to perfection. There is a Lotion too which performs the usual rites of keeping the skin in good condition, soft and clear

WOMEN from all quarters of the globe show their gratitude to Elizabeth Arden by following her precepts in theory and practice; as a matter of fact, these followers are often called her ambassadors. She has three very simple rules which are responsible for more beautiful skins than can be enumerated. They are: cleansing, toning and nourishing, with the aid of the Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic and Velva Cream. These three maxims form a very simple beauty treatment which every woman can carry out at home daily in ten minutes. The interesting booklet "In Quest of The Beautiful" must be studied carefully; it will be sent gratis and post free

His Reverence

TURNS OVER A

NEW LEAF



'My flock declare I'm always piping the same tune,'
said the Rector. 'But if they could catch me off duty
they might frequently see me, in between pipes,
rejoicing in a less pastoral smoke . . . Yes, these
Greys are certainly very good cigarettes.'

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

ISSUED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO. LTD., ASSOCIATE OF GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

For Hunting and Hacking.

Though dramatic changes of fashion have no place in the hunting field, here, as elsewhere, the details of equipment are all-important. These are thoroughly understood by Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, who specialise in outfits for hunting and hacking and are always prepared to advise a novice. Breeches in various shades cost three guineas; boots are the same, while a hunting coat like the one on the right is £3 7s. 6d. The bowler costs a guinea and the stock five shillings. A complete list of equipment, with prices, may be found in the catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request. This includes jodhpurs, high-necked sweaters and soft felt hats for hacking, besides the very necessary riding mackintosh.

* * *

Yours "Exclusively."

Every woman desires to be individual in the matter of dress; therefore all and sundry must visit the Fabric Hall at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, as they have acquired a fabric printing process whereby they are able to print a single dress length guaranteeing that this particular design shall never be repeated. They will submit drawings, or customers can have their own ideas carried out. For instance, views of places that have been visited are interesting. Again there are monograms, or conventional and emblematic designs, the colour schemes of which may be chosen to harmonise with the material, which may be of wool, silk and even lace. And the cost is not at all prohibitive. This new method of printing is extended to millinery, shoes, gloves, lingerie, bags, scarves, rugs and also furnishing prints. Among the fashionable shades this year is cactus rose; just how fascinating it is may be gleaned from the lovely examples in the Woollen Fabric Hall, where many original materials are displayed. The inspiration of a really beautiful one is a robe worn by Sarah Bernhardt.

* * *

For Summer Coolness.

If summer is to be fully enjoyed personal freshness must never be lost. Long, hot, dusty days in the sun can be very trying and enervating if nothing is done to keep mind and body calm and cool. "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne is well known as a wonderful refresher, but now there are also delightful companion preparations—the "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes. In these the finest Eau de Cologne is blended with the charming perfume of "Rhinegold," the more exotic fragrance of "Tosca" or the open-air scent of "Troika." A touch on the forehead or behind the ears soothes and revives, banishing headaches and tiredness even on a hot and heavy day. These perfumed Eau de Colognes are, of course, products of "4711," the famous house of Eau de Colognes; they can readily be obtained from chemists and stores at such reasonable prices that they can be used quite lavishly.

* * *

A Nourishing Soap.

After a tiring day a good wash with soap and water is wonderfully refreshing, but unless the former is carefully chosen it may have a drying effect upon the skin. "Personality" Turtle Oil Soap nourishes



Hunting returns with the autumn, so the outfit above from Moss Bros., 20, King Street, Covent Garden, will interest those who are looking forward to a good season. The breeches are available in Bedford cord or cavalry twill of different shades, and this firm also have all the correct accessories. A very substantial bowler is shown which has been specially designed for really hard wear

MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE

as well as cleanses, feeding the tissues with its rich contents. Cleopatra is said to have bathed in turtle oil mixed with wine, and certainly this oil keeps the complexion smooth and clear. Relaxed muscles are toned up by the astringent action of this soap, which costs ninepence a tablet and can be obtained from practically all chemists. Naturally, it must be used regularly night and morning to be completely successful.

* * *

The Ruby Beauty Stone.

The days when facial blemishes had to be patiently endured are now fortunately over, since beauty experts have evolved treatments for nearly all such disfiguring marks. A growth of hair on the face or limbs embarrasses many women, but it can be removed with an improved compact disc, the Ruby Beauty Stone. This preparation is simple to use and highly effective. The skin should be thoroughly dried beforehand and the disc rotated briskly, first from left to right, then with a reverse movement. The stone costs four shillings and sixpence at chemists and stores; an interesting pamphlet describing its use will be sent free on request to Calmon and Neate, 8, Gerrard Street, W.I.

* * *

Rebuilding the Skin.

Scientific research seems a distant affair to most women, but when beauty is concerned its results immediately become important. Helena Rubinstein, whose London salons are at 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W., has after years of study succeeded in incorporating the hormones that build skin and tissue into nourishing preparations. These vital glandular secretions preserve the youthful beauty of the skin, but if the supply is weakened lines and wrinkles appear and the tissues soon become flabby. Many women who take scrupulous care of their faces forget how soon the throat shows signs of age or illness, and it is for them that Madame Rubinstein has evolved her Hormone Throat Balsam. This provides an excel-

lent treatment for thin, under-nourished throats; it should be applied at night after cleansing and allowed to work into the skin. Really good news is that this balsam is now available from six shillings and sixpence, so women of moderate means can use it constantly.

* * *

Over the Border.

The national costumes of so many countries have degenerated into fancy-dress that it is especially pleasant to find the Scottish kilt still established as regular wear for the country and in the evenings. Since the traditions of Highland dress have been carefully preserved for nearly four hundred years it can only be correctly made by experts, such as Paisleys, of 72-96, Jamaica Street, Glasgow. There are, of course, many different styles. Anyone who saw Shirley Temple as "Wee Willie Winkie" will remember how charming she looked in her miniature kilt, and this firm have many attractive children's outfits, for parties as well as for everyday. There are kilts with fitted jackets in black or green for golf and walking, worn with a shirt and tartan tie or a woollen jumper, while tartan scarves in pure wool give the right Scottish atmosphere—and a dash of colour—to a plain tweed suit.



...and then

for Egypt

and the famous Nile Voyage!

It is pleasant, after the rigour of grey moors, to sail off to the sunshine and warmth of colourful Egypt. Once you are in Egypt you must, of course, take the Nile Voyage. In really luxurious fashion you cover all that's most interesting, all that really is the authentic Egypt. At the various stopping places, you are met by specially appointed dragomans who will, by camel, car or donkey, take you inland on visits of intense interest.

If time permits, the return voyage, either as far as the first or the second cataract, is the obvious choice. But a very agreeable alternative for those who cannot afford more time, is the one-way voyage—from which you return by train.

The prices from £35 are absolutely inclusive. Not only do they include your voyage, accommodation, meals and service—they also cover the cost of sightseeing ashore. Cook's interesting little handbook 'The Nile Voyage' may be had free on application. And it is worth remembering that a Nile voyage should be booked some time in advance of your actual dates.

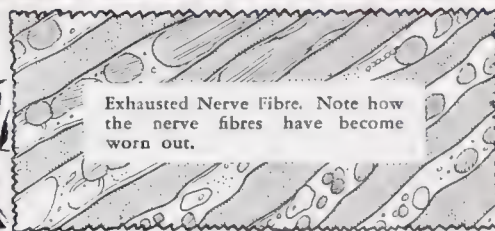
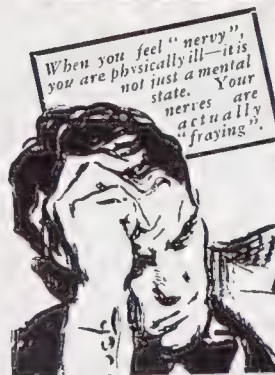
Cairo to Aswan and back	£60 (20 days)
Single journey either way	£35 (10 days)
Aswan-Halfa (2nd cataract) and back	£25 (7 days)
*Asyut-Aswan and back	£50 (14 days)
*Single journey either way	£27.10 (7 days)

*By s.s. Delta, Feb. 3 and 17 only.

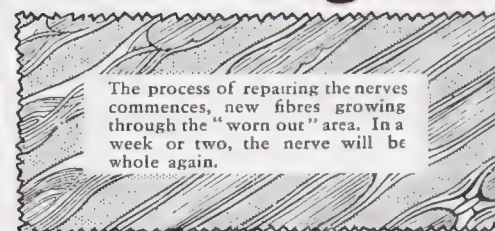
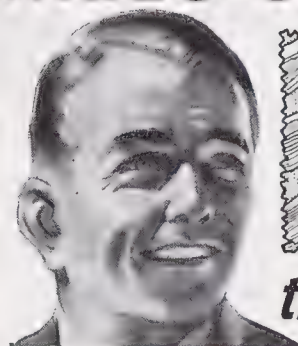
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made sound again



thanks to the magic

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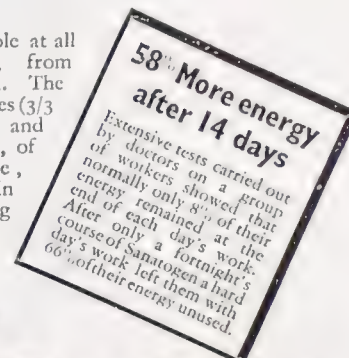
Sanatogen banishes 'Nerves', Listlessness, Irritability, Tiredness, Frequent Headaches, Stomach Trouble and GENERAL WEAKNESS.

25,000 Doctors praise Sanatogen

The man who is listless, dispirited, irritable, 'nervy,' is a burden to himself, his friends and his employers. Tired nerves and general debility are the cause. And Sanatogen speedily remedies these conditions. Daily Sanatogen builds new rich blood, feeds tired nerves and brain; supplies the necessary *extra* energy, the *extra* life-giving elements the strain of modern life demands. Sanatogen is the most easily digested as well as the most concentrated of all foods—it is ideal for invalids and convalescents.

One doctor (M.D., D.P.H.) writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Sanatogen. I am quite certain it is a real builder-up of tissues". And he is only one of 25,000 who have written in its praise. That is because Sanatogen is a *food*, not just a stimulant. Every spoonful does definite, permanent good: builds up nerve tissue, makes new blood.

Obtainable at all chemists, from 2/3 a tin. The larger sizes (3/3 5/9, 10/9 and 19/9) are, of course, cheaper in the long run.



*Live up to life
with daily Sanatogen*

MADE BY GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH

CONCERNED WITH THE BEMBRIDGE REGATTA



MISS JOAN MILLER—IN THE NATTIEST OF SHORTS—WITH MR. R. S. HANKEY



MISS MARY CAMPBELL GOES TO SEA WITH MR. GEORGE FANE

The Bembridge Sailing Club, of which Mr. Tom Thornycroft (see right) is Commodore, held their August regatta last week and a fine time was had. Miss Mary Campbell, who appears (above) to be removing a sponge from the lunch bag, is Sir Charles and Lady Campbell's daughter. Like the rest of the people on this page she sails with spirit



MISS EVELYN RENNIE AND THE MISSES CLARKE WITH MR. TOM THORNYCROFT

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



CH. SIMPLE JINKS
One of Miss Hazlerigg's Dandies

when the dogs are bitten by wolves the mat saves them from being hurt. The Pulis is used to drive sheep and is very attractive, but I think the mats would be rather putting off.

The Manchester Terrier is one of those breeds I have mentioned which went out of favour; why, goodness only knows, as no dog has more to recommend him. He is very handsome, intelligent and affectionate, very clean in coat and does not leave white hairs about. Happily he is coming back to the position he should always have occupied. Miss Schwabe is one of the people who have done this, and I cannot do better than quote her letter.

"Red Monarch of Dreams is about the best dog in England to-day, and has been Res. Cert. to his own sire, Ch. Prince Rufus, every Ch. Show since he came out except at Manchester, where he won it. I usually have about twenty in the kennels and rather more in the summer; at the moment I have eleven puppies and nine adults. Every grown one is a first-prize winner at Ch. Shows, three are Certificate winners and five Reserve C.C. They are

At the Paris Show I was much struck by two Hungarian Sheepdogs, the Komondor and the Pulis. The Komondor is a very large dog, like an outsize Bobtail, and is used to guard the flocks; the Pulis is like a small black Bobtail, the size of a Kerry Blue. But what struck me most was that both these dogs had thick mats of uncombed hair on their backs, giving them an uncared-for appearance. On enquiring I found this was the correct thing; the coat is allowed to get into a thick mat so that

all in kennels but come into the house in turn and they never wear coats except for shows and travelling. I have five different bitch lines and three different lines of stud dogs. The puppies are adorable; at the moment they are 6 and 8 weeks old and are for sale. Two bitches have gone to America and one to Canada from the kennels in the last year, the latter in whelp to one of my stud dogs, Black Magic of Dreams, and one of the leading judges in Canada saw the puppies and pronounced one of them the best she had ever seen. Personally, I am for breeding type and soundness before anything else, as the breed had got very uneven."

* * *

The Dandie is now one of the favourites, both for show and as a companion. The dog is most attractive both in appearance and character. Miss Hazlerigg has a successful kennel of Dandies. She sends a photograph of Ch. Simple Jinks, and says: "At the time of writing the Simple kennels have a lovely lot of Dandie puppies from six to twelve weeks old, two specially nice peppers. Also some fine, strong Sealyham puppies and Dachshunds for sale. Inspection of the kennels is invited. Dogs and cats boarded and every care taken."

* * *

Miss Little's Poms are well known to us. She has not been well lately so has had to reduce her dogs. The two in the snapshot are for sale. It was taken at four months old when they were out of coat, but the quality is excellent. Miss Little's dogs all have her personal attention, which makes such a difference. They, therefore, make excellent companions and are, of course, beautifully bred and very small.

* * *

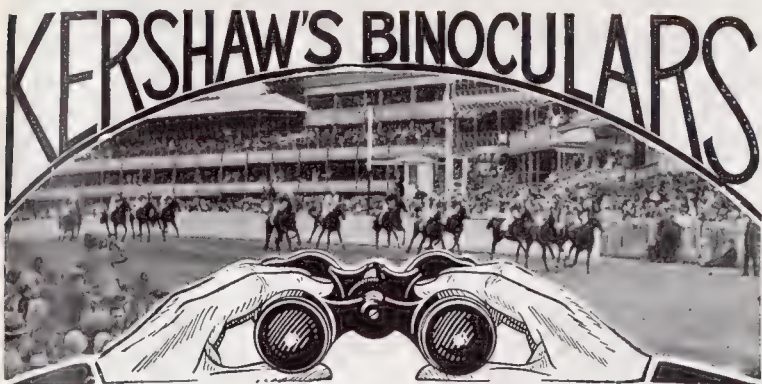
Letters to MISS BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



POMERANIAN PUPPIES
The property of Miss Little



RED MONARCH OF DREAMS
Manchester Terrier, the property of Miss Schwabe



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THE VITALITY
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—the vigour and vitality of youth, the joy of living, yours again with this greatest tonic of all times, K.10 Rejuvenal! It grips, it holds. This stupendous new discovery is based on Nature's own remedies—and gives amazing results.

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200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

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"ROEHAMPTON"

Nigger and green, overchecked in brick red, is the theme of a suit in Saxony. At the back of the coat a belted effect is cleverly suggested by an inset of the material used the reverse way. This model is double-breasted with six buttons and a four-gored skirt. Ready-to-wear. Price 10 gns.

Made to measure in a variety of other materials from 10 to 12 gns.

COATS & SKIRTS from 8½ gns.

COATS from 6 gns.

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LONDON, W.1.

THE HOUSE FOR GOOD TAILORING



Kay Vaughan
MISS ROSEMARY DAVIDSON-
HOUSTON

Who will be married in the autumn to Mr. T. P. Butler, Grenadier Guards, only son of Lieut.-Col. Sir R. Butler, Bt., and Lady Butler, of Ballin Temple, Carlow. Miss Davidson-Houston is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Davidson-Houston, of Pembury Hall, Kent

Christina, only daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Dawkins, of Heale Cottage, Curry Rivel, Somerset; Mr. J. W. Pinney, younger son of Mr. F. W. Pinney and the late Mrs. Pinney, Devereux House, Colshill, Warwickshire, and Justina, youngest daughter of the Rev. G. and Mrs. Amphlett, Four Ashes Hall, near Stourbridge; Captain B. D. A. Etches, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, third son of Major C. E. Etches, C.B., O.B.E., of The Lodge, Bisley Camp, Surrey, and Rosemary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie Dawson, of Little Woodcote, Kenilworth, Warwickshire; Captain M. H. Whyte, 2nd Btn. 16th Punjab Regiment, son of Mr. Lewis Whyte, J.P., and Mrs. Lewis Whyte, Balbriggan, I.F.S., and Marjorie, only

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying To-day.

Flight Lieut. John Grandy, Royal Air Force, will marry Miss Cecile Rankin at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to-day, and another wedding to-day is that of Mr. S. A. Batten, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Batten, of Countessmead, Tiverton, to Edith Hope, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Scott Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, of Stourton, Wiltshire.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Guy Wayte, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Paxton Wayte, of Queen Street, W.I., and



Catherine Bell
MISS PAULINE DE LA CHAPELLE

The only daughter of Colonel Comte and Comtesse de la Chapelle, of "Warehams," Rudgwick, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. Philip Harley Marsh, only son of Dr. E. L. Marsh and the late Mrs. Marsh, of Shanghai

daughter of Mrs. K. Lemmon, late of Honolulu, Hawaii; the marriage will take place in November at Bombay; Mr. A. B. S. Clarke, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Clarke, Hartridge House, Cranbrook, Kent, and Betty, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Knox, Woodside, Cambus, Clackmannanshire; Mr. W. Sommerville, elder son of Mr. William Sommerville, of Dalguise, Aylth Road, Bournemouth, and the late Mrs. E. M. Sommerville.

and Mary, only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, K.C.M.G., C.B., High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in the Commonwealth of Australia, and Lady Whiskard, of Canberra House, Canberra, F.C.T., Australia, and Mildenhall, Bury St. Edmunds; The Rev. H. W. Dunn, The Cloisters, Windsor Castle, and Olivia Cicely, elder daughter of the late Rev. O. D. Bruce Payne, and of Mrs. Bruce Payne, Garth, Broxbourne, Herts; Mr. R. H. Lord Sexton, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lord Sexton, of Belfast, Maine, U.S.A., and Joan Frances Norah, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Reginald and Lady Blake, of Beechfield, Melksham, Wiltshire; Mr. J. A. Mackay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mackay, and Joan Elizabeth Fairweather, elder daughter of Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., and Lady Whyte.



Kay Vaughan
MISS BARBARA MARY BROOKS

Who is engaged to Mr. Rodney Kent, only son of Cdr. and Mrs. Philip W. Kent, of Radlett, Hertfordshire. Miss Brooks is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Brooks, of Radlett, Hertfordshire

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 403

'Mechanisation' there arrives a state of affairs hitherto unknown in all history, whereby an army in the field is completely dependent upon one element, and that an artificial one. Naturally armies, like the rest of mankind, have always been dependent upon the 'element' of *Food and Water*, but that is not the same thing at all—not by a long chalk!

"Now they, if completely mechanised, are dependent upon a 'Something' of which they may be deprived, and, if so deprived, they cannot move at all. This 'Something' is of a volatile and extremely inflammable nature, and its sources of supply are not indigenous to the territories of most of the Western European Powers, in fact to none of them! (Russia not being referred to as 'Western'). Oil! Who controls oil, controls *War* by 'mechanised' armies—and air forces. Who does 'control' oil? 'Uncle Sam,' for one; Russia, for another. There are oilfields in Roumania; but Roumania could be blotted out by Russia in two ticks! Remains the East. Persia (oh yes, Iran, I know!), Burma? Well—signs are not wanting that before long there must be a Turco-Persian-Iraqi 'bloc,' with the blinkin' Afghan as an 'Adjunct,' which will 'control' all the oil it wants to! So poor old John Bull will be left to get what he can from *Burma*, which is a damn long way off! Briefly, then, looking ahead a bit—the U.S.A., Russia, and the above-mentioned 'Eastern bloc' are really the 'oil-controlling powers' and in a position to deprive Germany, France and Italy, etc., of 'oil' altogether. There is nothing fantastic about this. *It is the Simple Truth!*"

"Deprived of oil, these

'Powers' will be compelled to fall back upon 'XIXth-Century' methods of warfare, if not those of the Middle Ages! And it will be a case of 'A horse—a horse!—My Kingdom for a Horse! And no bones about it!'"

* * *

Who is to say that this is not fairly certain to be proved to be true and is it not on the cards that we may have a chance of seeing how armies which are mechanised up to the hilt are going to fare. Japan can only fight a long war if some other nations remain nice and friendly and do not let her cruise run dry, for her native supply is not large; one-fifth of one per cent. from Japan and Formosa combined, so that

if she is to win this present contest she would have to do it inside the distance of the Hun Cup, let us say, and might find it very difficult to get the distance of the Leger.

In this present fighting she has no great anxiety where her fleet is concerned since her command of the sea is absolute and the consumption of oil fuel by her fighting ships will not be great; but how about it if she did happen to want a never-failing supply? And how about anyone else—ourselves, for instance—who is dependent upon supplies from outside? In any case, warlike nations on the Continent are so obviously nervous about oil fuel and how they are to get it if it comes to a pinch that they are buying war-horses!



ON THE GLENEAGLES HOTEL LINKS

Mrs. Mike Wardell, the former Miss Ruth Crossley, younger daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley and wife of Captain Mike Wardell, well-remembered up Leicestershire way, Lady Prescott, who is the wife of Major Sir George Prescott, Life Guards (Reserve), and Captain Freeland. The links, as we know, are good and the fine Hielan' air still better



Attractive September Offer

GRETA. A Practical Cruising Frock in White Celofleck with a Red/White Spotted Foulard Bow.

Size Hips 36, 38. Special Price **4** GNS.
" " 40 10/6 extra. during Sept.

This Dress can be made in Pink, Lemon, Natural, Duck Egg, and Green.

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Linen Specialists
105 NEW BOND STREET W.1



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*Greater Reductions
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 is this beautiful coat of
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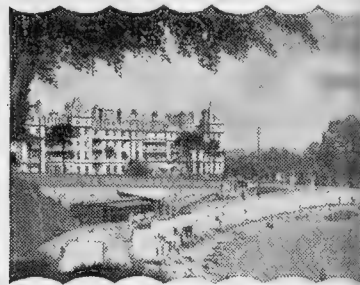


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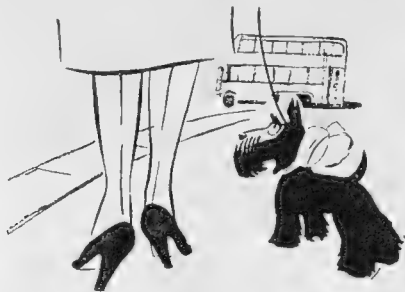
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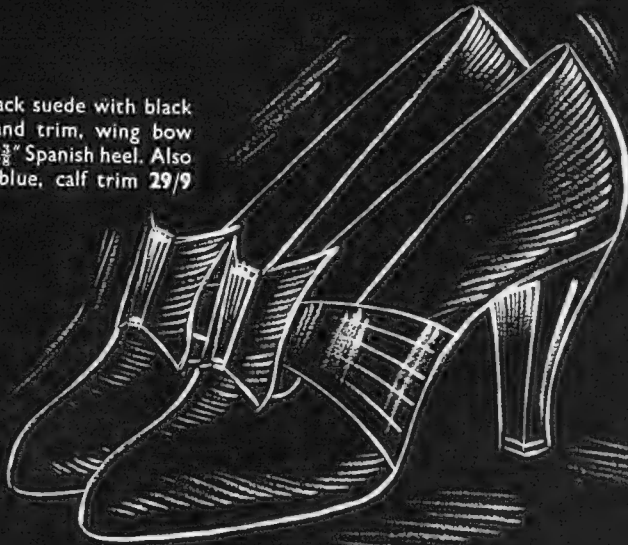
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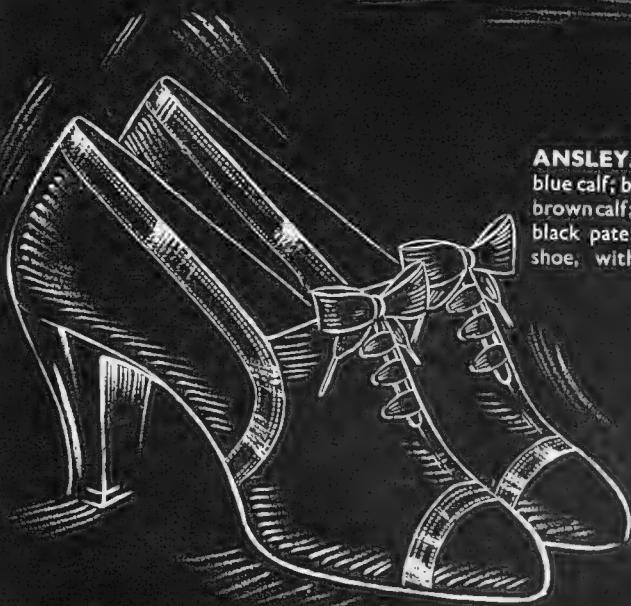
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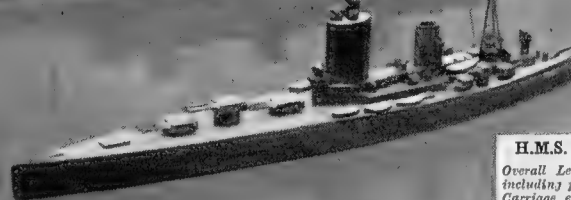
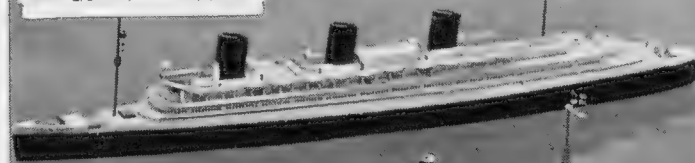
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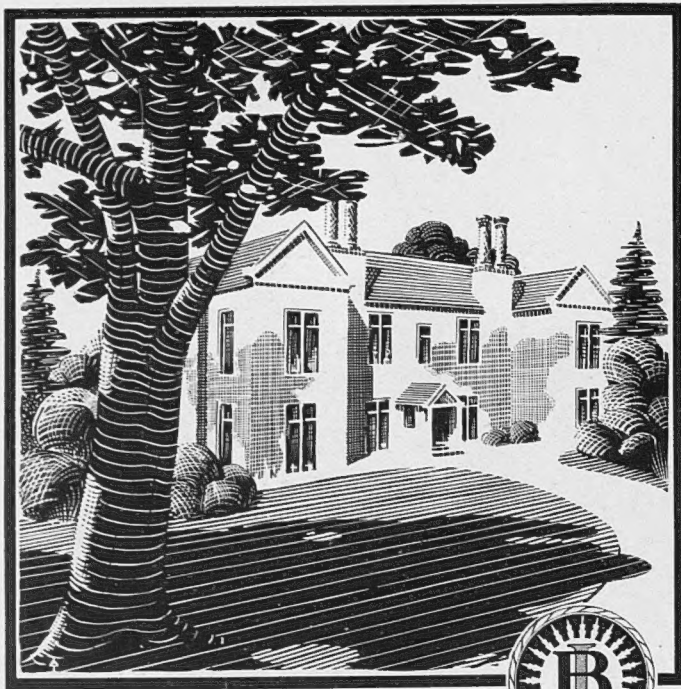
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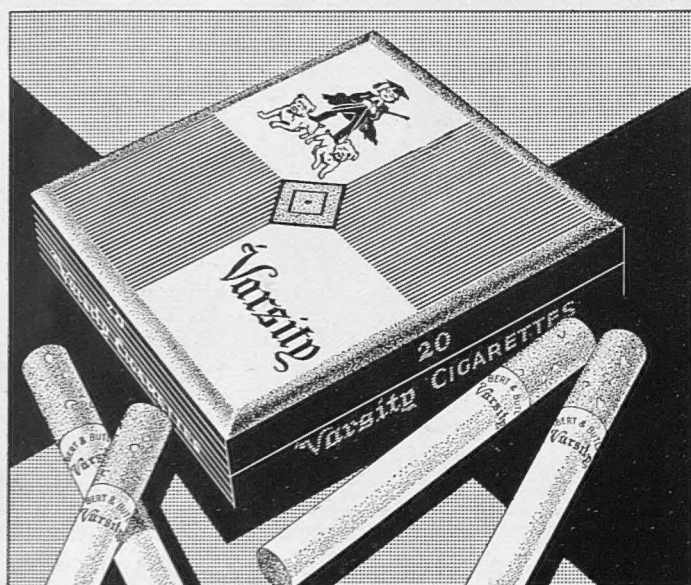
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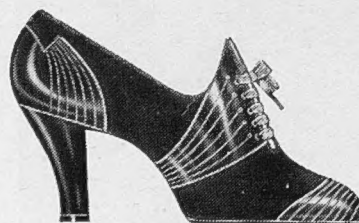
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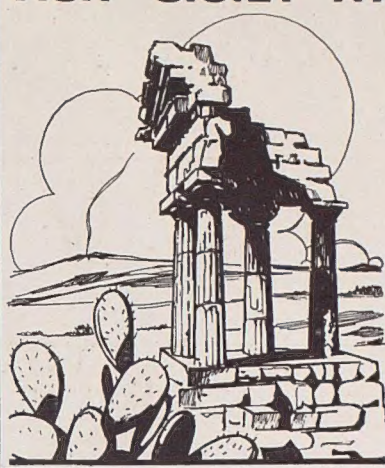
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